

the

PRICE 40¢

AMERICAN

record guide

JULY, 1961

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF OPINION



Bert Senofsky



*"The voice so sweet, the words so fair
As some soft chime had
stroked the air."*

Ben Jonson

NETANIA DAVRATH sings SONGS
OF THE AUVERGNE (arr. Canteloube) with orchestra.

VRS-9085/*VSD-2090

"The songs of the Auvergne find a lovely exponent... her voice has a burnished gleam." New York Times

"A voice clear and fresh as a mountain stream... performance throughout is worthy of the great Madeleine Grey." New York Herald Tribune

"Puts us more in Vanguard's debt."

Saturday Review



"So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice"

Herrick

JOAN BAEZ — Silver Dagger, East Virginia, House of the Rising Sun, Donna Donna, Rake and Rambling Boy, Henry Martin, and other folk songs.

VRS-9078/*VSD-2077

"An achingly pure soprano voice... a profound emotional involvement that seems to envelop the listener." High Fidelity

"This disk sends one scurrying to the thesaurus for superlatives... one of those beautiful folk performances." New York Times

"This is my nomination for the best popular folk song recording of the year."

Western Folklore



"A great voice, as of a trumpet" Revelation

ODETTA at CARNEGIE HALL — If I Had a Hammer, Red Clay Country, God's A-Gonna Cut You Down, John Henry, Jericho, Prettiest Train, Motherless Child, and other songs.

VRS-9076/*VSD-2072

"Few more powerful personalities have ever been projected on records."

High Fidelity

"Once you hear her, you are never quite the same."

San Francisco Chronicle

"The wonderful folk singer called Odetta... her great voice and great heart."

Detroit News

Other Odetta Recordings

"MY EYES HAVE SEEN"

VRS-9059/*VSD-2046

BALLAD FOR AMERICANS, AND OTHER AMERICAN BALLADS

VRS-9066/*VSD-2057

CHRISTMAS SPIRITUALS

VRS-9079/*VSD-2079

*Stereotab



VANGUARD

recordings for the connoisseur

Send for Catalogue to: Vanguard Recording Society, Inc., 154 West 14 Street, New York 11, N. Y.

The American Record Guide

Incorporating  THE AMERICAN TAPE GUIDE

for JULY, 1961

Volume 27, Number 11

Contents Indexed in Readers' Guide to
Periodical Literature and Music Index

Peter Hugh Reed
Founder and Editor Emeritus

James Lyons
Editor and Publisher

Paige Lohr
Associate Editor

Senior Critic/Philip L. Miller

Leonard Altman
Deanne Arkus
John W. Barker
Jean Bowen
Gustl Breuer
Arthur Cohn
Jack Diether
Maitland Edey, Jr.
Herbert Glass
Herbert Haufrecht
Donald Heckman

Robert Jones
Rafael Kammerer
Igor Kipnis
J. B. Lancaster
Robert Levin
C. J. Luten
David H. Miller
Alan Rich
Max de Schauensee
Max Serbin
Jane Wenning

Music in Europe/George Louis Mayer

Da Capo Steven Smolian
Folk Music Henrietta Yurchenco
The Month's Jazz Martin Williams
Sound Ideas Larry Zide
Stereotapes Peter C. Pfunke
Sweet and Swinging Fred Reynolds
The Third Ear C. Victor Campos
Unlikely Corners Edward Jablonski
Words Only Paul Kresh

Cover Artist/Arthur Seymour

Western R. J. Friedman Associates
Advertising 836 North Fairfax Avenue
Representatives Los Angeles 46, California
Telephone: OLIVE 1-3180

THE AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE, formerly *The American Music Lover*, is an independent journal of opinion. It is published on or before the tenth of the dated month. Price 40c a copy.
●Subscription rates: U. S. A. and Canada, one year, \$4.50. Pan-America, \$4.75. Elsewhere \$5.00.
●Copyright The American Record Guide 1961.
●The contents may not be reprinted without permission in writing. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for unsolicited contributions, which must, however, be accompanied by return postage.
●Change of address notification must be received at least a month prior to date of publication. No responsibility can be assumed for non-delivery of any issue due to removal without ample notice.

●Mail Address: Post Office Box 319,
Radio City Station, New York 19, N. Y.

CONTENTS

Pictures and Pieces	
By Ned Rorem	844
The Youngest Wagner	
A Guest Review	
By Martin Bernheimer	848
Berl Senofsky and Gary Graffman	
—A Team Which RCA Should	
Exploit for All It's Worth	865
What the Real Roy Harris Sounds Like—	
After 21 Years, the First Recording of	
his Fourth ("Folksong") Symphony	
By Jack Diether	866
Three Straussians in Stereo	
A Guest Review	
By Gunter Kossodo	874
Two Versions of the Vaughan	
Williams Mass in G Minor	879
Books:	
"Das Buch der Lieder und Arien"	
Reviewed by George Louis Mayer	888
"The World of Musical Comedy"	
Reviewed by Edward Jablonski	889
"The Jazz Life"	
A Guest Review	
By Hsio-Wen Shib	890

DEPARTMENTS

From The Editor	851
Other Reviews (Mono & Stereo)	852
Vocal Miscellany	855
Da Capo	omitted this month
Sound Ideas	892
Folk Music	899
Stereotapes	902
Words Only ("The Quare Fellow")	904
Sweet and Swinging	omitted this month
The Month's Jazz	906
Unlikely Corners	908
Readers' Exchange	910
SUBSCRIPTION COUPONS	883

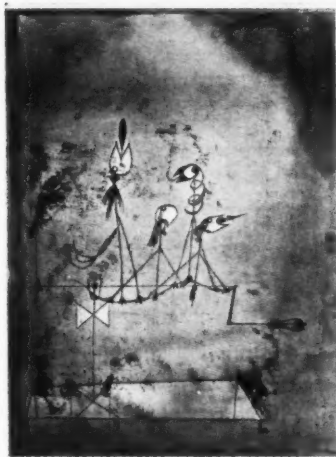
ON THE COVER: The "phenomenal" American violinist Berl Senofsky, whose RCA Victor debut recital with Gary Graffman is reviewed by H. G. on page 865

Pictures and Pieces

By NED ROREM

Photo of Ned Rorem by Eugene Cook ©





GUNTHER SCHULLER
SEVEN STUDIES
ON THEMES
OF PAUL KLEE
PAUL FETLER
CONTRASTS FOR
ORCHESTRA
ANTAL DORATI
MINNEAPOLIS
SYMPHONY

The front cover of this new Mercury album "ties in" the Schuller work with a reproduction of Klee's "The Twittering Machine" (Museum of Modern Art)

IT IS IDLE though not really odious to compare the arts, and people are always doing it. But they usually generalize on likeness, not disparity, lumping together all arts whose practitioners supposedly represent that portion of society which best enjoys "the gift of self-realization". No two expressions are more opposed than music and painting. Their function, the manner of their making, the characters of the workmen themselves are as dissimilar as the needs of their respective publics.

In childhood I believed that a given artist could have developed into any other kind—that he had only to choose between, say, prose or sculpture. Certainly all children are all things, close to natural truth and the origins of philosophy. Maturity's manners later stunt the imagination which had held a fantastic door ajar; to the more calloused this door closes forever. Composers and painters, in retaining initial fancies, stay children. That seems to be their sole point in common, as though mutual receptivity had been smothered in adolescence. A fair percent,

This article was adapted from one of a series of lecture-recitals presented by the composer during his two years as Slee Professor at the University of Buffalo.

age of plastic artists appear all but tone-deaf and some fine musicians are not a bit visual.

Picasso for example, typical of most people, is not very reactive to sound about him; his ears prefer the Iberian nostalgia of bullfight trumpets to more sophisticated music. But his eyes are black diamond bullets which never miss their mark yet never find repose.

Many a musician keeps his gaze oblivious to scenes before him. He too resembles most laymen in that years pass blindly, though he knows the pitch of an auto horn, a robin's cry, a faucet dripping blocks away.

Those examples concern just eyes and ears because the fine arts are all devoted to only sight and hearing. Some permit alternate use of these two senses, but exclusivity is reserved for painting and music which present polar extremes of the seven arts.⁽¹⁾

(1) No serious art is dedicated to a stimulation of odor, taste or touch (though the blind are said to appreciate sculpture). Scriabin, before his death, projected a *Poem of Mystery* for performance on a mountain top. The audience while listening was to behold a color screen, eat exotic foods, inhale perfume, and caress velvet. This forecasted the loving couple munching popcorn at the movies and would also have proved no more than pleasurable confusion. It is impossible to react simultaneously to all five senses in full indulgence. Even the motion picture addict, as we shall see, is usually unaware of the musical soundtrack except—as in musical comedies—where sound is an end in itself.

IN A progressive Manhattan kindergarten (the kind that encourages imagination at any price), I once heard an art instructress comment: "But Johnny, your tree *looks* like a tree! I'll have to fail you". . . On the other hand I hear frequent cries that music has forsaken melody and grown abstract. It was always abstract. The complaint is really lodged against a lack of familiar tunes in new pieces. Familiar tunes, being music, are also abstract even when using words. Words help recall tunes thus making them familiar, but it is the verbal associations only which lend literal sense to sound.

Essentially music is abstract and painting is representational despite what we hear to the contrary. Music has no intellectual significance, no meaning outside itself. This is not less true of so-called programmatic than of absolute music wherein subjective connotations are not intended.

I believe that painting does have meaning outside itself. When abstract painters profess a striving to eliminate representation their very effort implies camouflage. A musician feels no compunction to disguise 'subject matter' and might even attempt to reveal it, safely assured that logicians will never decipher and expose his secret thoughts. No inquisition can intelligibly reproach a composer as it can a Goya for subversive or obscene notions.

Richard Strauss once declared himself capable of denoting a fork on a table through sound alone. Certainly his tone

poems evoke realistic windmills, bleating sheep, human chatter and such. Any competent orchestrator can simulate worldly noises without much trouble, as a talented mimic can bark like a dog. (Charlie Chaplin, they say, once performed an aria, and quite beautifully, to everyone's amazement. "I can't really sing at all," he explained later. "I was just doing my Caruso number!") The closer these copies approach reality the farther they retreat from creation. A favorite paradox of Wilde was: Nature imitates Art.

If we were not informed of Strauss' fork or sheep we'd either invent our own associations or listen as if to 'pure' music. If told that these sounds meant knives or seagulls we'd leave it at that. In music an image is no more than approximate.

Each century gives conventional symbols for general mood. In recent western music "minor" means sad, though it had no such suggestion three hundred years ago; even today who is saddened by the completely minor carol *God Rest You Merry Gentlemen*? The mode of C major is supposed to be happy, but the Spartans considered it lascivious (which is not always the same thing). We don't disagree on what is termed joyous, tragic or ecstatic, except when we read into the style of one musical period that which refers to another. In pictures, however, a wedding or funeral always mean just that, no matter when or where they were made.

Music is probably the least international of languages. During two years in Morocco I never encountered a native who could fathom our formal music any more than our Christian values. Only in the past century and to us of the west do Strauss' sheep or Ravel's sad birds, Respighi's trees or Honegger's engine, signify themselves in sound through habit and suggestion. And yet, when he knows what it represents, who hearing Britten's 'Sick Rose', for instance, can restrain a spinal chill when that worm-like horn bores into the flower's heart? An Arab would not see this as we do—through the ears. We also, were we not told beforehand of the intended association, would

Mondrian: Broadway Boogie-Woogie, 1943
(Museum of Modern Art, New York City)



miss our guess nine times out of ten even with such broad themes as love and war, festivity and madness. Scientific experiments have proved it. Gone are the days when Carl Maria von Weber's diminished-seventh tremolos will scare anyone.

MUSIC'S inherent abstraction is what renders it so malleable in collaborative fields. A choreographer may mold a narrative around absolute music, or effectively revise the story line of a programmatic work. Robbins' ballet on *The Afternoon of a Faun* is as plausible as Nijinsky's. And Nijinsky's version of *The Rite of Spring* was no more catastrophic than Disney's. Stravinsky's masterpiece, which suffocated both ballet and film, survives uniquely in concert halls. Music can make or break a ballet because sound is necessary to the dance. And although audiences will take a good deal more of the 'unfamiliar' in spectacles which mix the arts than in music alone, when sound dominates the visual they revolt—as in the famous case of *The Rite of Spring*.

Music is less integral to the film medium so even greater risks can be run. A musically untutored movie audience accepts without flinching a score whose audacity, if heard in concert, would send the elite yelling for mercy. The public is, and should be, mostly unconscious of movie music; a background fails when it distracts from central business. But such is music's strength that it may sugarcoat a tasteless film or poison one of quality. A recent drama of capital punishment, "I Want to Live", excited extra tension through its sound-track of progressive jazz. "On the Beach", whose subject was more timely still (being about terrestrial death through radioactivity), was devitalized by a second-rate score with old-fashioned associations.

Nearly any music may persuasively accompany any image or story while inevitably dictating the *tone* of the joint effort. Music's power lies in an absence of human significance and this power dominates all mediums it contacts. When Auric composed the score for Jean Cocteau's film "The Blood of a Poet" he produced what is commonly known as love music for

love scenes, game music for game scenes, funeral music for funeral scenes. Cocteau had the bright idea of replacing the love music with the funeral, game music with the love, funeral with game. And it worked because the music itself was good, adding more novelty to an already strange ambiance. Nor did Cocteau commission a composer for his ballet of a modern young painter who hangs himself on stage; he used a passacaglia of Bach whose clash with the present ignited the eternal.

THE SEA reminds me of Debussy's *La Mer—La Mer* never reminds me of the sea. But if a picture recalls the sea, the sea conjures up no picture of anything beyond itself. In this sense water is as abstract as music, but a picture of water represents an abstraction. Whatever title Debussy may have chosen his work is finally enjoyed as sheer music (though the earmarks of *La Mer* have so often been imitated for cinematic seascapes that the original now contains non-musical connotations). If a novice were told that the three movements of this piece illustrated three times a day, not on the sea but in a city, he wouldn't know the difference. Paintings also present different impressions to different people: as many interpretations exist as spectators. But I am speaking now of creative conscious, not audience effect. At bottom a composer cannot work through visions. Painters, whether or not they're aware of it, always paint a picture of *something*. Some attempt to divorce nature and search for a plane as abstract as music's. While avoiding a title more committal than *Conception in Green* or *Study No. 2* they are actually depicting the tangible which, like clouds, assumes logical shape. Since a composer's auditor never has subject matter to cling to, hints may be dropped about some subjective idea as symbolic guide through an unknown form. To both artists the title is a forethought or afterthought extraneous to actual work. Human ideas are dissolved by music on its highest level, just as they are evolved by pictures. That is the reason it's easier

—(Continued on page 895)

The Youngest Wagner



Above, the earliest extant portrait of Wagner, painted at Wuerzburg in 1833, when he was 20. When it was rediscovered in 1951, the work was attributed to Ettenhofer, but the identity of the artist has not been positively established. Incidentally, this painting has never before been seen outside Germany, and is reproduced here by permission of Wolfgang Wagner. It shows a Wagner much different from the familiar figure on the Bayreuth poster (right), which in turn affords an opportunity to compare the profiles of Friedelind Wagner and her celebrated grandfather.

A Guest Review
By MARTIN BERNHEIMER



THIS recording reflects two comparatively unknown aspects of Richard Wagner's life: his desire to perpetuate the Bayreuth tradition through pedagogy as well as performance, and his creativity as channeled to non-operatic media. While the Wagner grandsons, Wieland and Wolfgang, have concentrated on keeping the Bayreuth Festival a living institution, their sister Friedelind has taken it upon herself to realize artistically the less obvious facets of the Wagner legacy.

The uniqueness of her venture is no more surprising than the distinction of its results, for Friedelind Wagner is a remarkable combination of non-conformist and non-compulsive perfectionist. Practically the only Wagner to oppose the Nazi regime (she left Germany under Toscanini's sponsorship before the war and has been a New Yorker for twenty years), Friedelind has always been considered the "enfant terrible" of her family.

But whereas Bayreuth royalty once looked disapprovingly upon her revolutionary attitudes, the powers-that-be now accept them with resignation and even respect, if with no special enthusiasm. The Bayreuth Festival Master Classes, her brainchild, have justified her existence to the Wagnerian mecca; this recording reinforces the potential significance of her contributions.

The Master Classes were formed three summers ago with a dual purpose: to maintain and spread the Bayreuth standard of "know how" in all operatic fields (with no disproportionate stress on "grand-papa"), and to expose young talent (with the accent on American talent) to the theories of Europe's best theater people. An extensive program of classwork supplements the activities witnessed by the student on both sides of the *Festspielhaus's* covered pit.

Each summer a hand-picked crew of approximately twenty near-professional

singers, designers, directors, conductors—even theatrical architects—have had the unique opportunity of attending rehearsals as well as performances, working closely with the regular Bayreuth roster of artists and technicians, and participating in special lectures and seminars. Several students have returned for successive summers, and the alumni list already boasts an impressive number of artists spreading the Bayreuth influence to American colleges (U.C.L.A., M.I.T., and others), important European theaters (the Zurich Stadttheater and Berlin's Komische Oper), secondary German houses (Darmstadt and Bielefeld) and even the Metropolitan (Mary MacKenzie, winner of last year's Met Auditions, was in the first Master Class). No Master Class product has yet graduated to a Bayreuth lead, but one has already penetrated the ranks of the *Walküren*, and another just missed being selected as Venus for this year's "Tannhäuser".

The newly instituted record project—this is the first annual release—will utilize Master Class talent, faculty and student, past and present, to make the lesser-known Wagner available to a wider public. The price is high, but it is justified by the extraordinary wealth of research and background material supplied both in photographs and in facts. Any lingering financial qualms should be erased by the fact that proceeds go to the Master Class Scholarship Fund.

Obviously a release that covers Wagner's entire keyboard output must be uneven artistically, especially since the first selection is marked "Op. 1". But the documentary value is inestimable. The early works are more or less derivative in style and academic in form; the later ones are not entirely pianistic in spirit, for the mature Wagner thought basically in terms of orchestral and vocal sonorities. Yet there is superb craftsmanship and a sur-

WAGNER: *The Complete Piano Works*—Sonatas in B flat (Op. 1) and A (Op. 4), Fantasia in F sharp minor, Sonata in A flat, Albumblätter in C, F minor, and E flat. Bruce Hungerford, (piano). Two-

record monaural set available only through The Bayreuth Festival Master Classes, Inc., 42 West 58th Street, New York 19, N.Y., or Festspielhaus, Bayreuth, West Germany. \$15.00.

Bruce Hungerford
(C. C. Flaherty)



prising amount of imagination in each piece. And it is fascinating to observe the gradual manifestation of a musical personality in the progression of these compositions.

Friedelind Wagner would be the last to claim that any are unrivaled masterpieces, but she confesses a special liking for the A major Sonata, and enjoys discovering familiar thematic fragments in the later pieces. She admits that at times the solo piano must have represented a "musical straightjacket" for Wagner, but she confirms the emergence of the composer's individuality very soon after his student days:

"It comes as no surprise that Theodor Weinling's 18-year-old apprentice who worships Weber, Mozart and Beethoven writes his first exercises quite consciously striving to follow in their footsteps as closely as possible. How quickly the true Wagner stirs and appears in these early works is the real marvel of our discoveries."

To be sure, the Weber-Mozart-Beethoven influence is strongly felt in the B flat and A major Sonatas and in the F sharp minor Fantasia, all written in 1831. In these Sonatas one never feels that the strict formal confines involved are really comfortable for the composer, and it is not surprising that the romanticist-to-be comes through more clearly in the relative freedom of the Fantasia.

Here, the interpreter's role is a crucial one. In the Remington version of the B flat Sonata (RLP-199-26, now discontinued), Felicitas Karrer played with a degree of impetuosity that recalled Beethoven and even suggested a germ of the

musical revolution that was to come. Bruce Hungerford (pianist-in-residence at the Master Classes), on the other hand, plays with more interpretative innocence. He relies primarily upon crispness, clarity, and restraint—all of which point more toward Mozart. Karrer is convincing despite some technical insecurities and bad sound, but Hungerford suffers from no such drawbacks, and is probably more authentic within historical perspective to boot.

The Australian pianist's tendency toward understatement prevents the emotion from dripping in the "Arrival at the Swans" *Albumblatt* (1861); the same piece seems equally persuasive if more sentimental and Tristanesque in Frank Glazer's Concert Disc recording (M-1219). Glazer's performance of the C major *Album Leaf* represents the only other Wagner piano piece currently available on a commercial LP.

There is a notable lack of pomposity in these works; by nature, the piano evades grand-scale rhetoric, and there are surprisingly few traces of the bravura of Liszt (Wagner's father-in-law) to be found here. The lyricism and relative economy of the *Albumblätter* are disarming in themselves. When it is recalled that they stem from the same pen that wrote "*Götterdämmerung*", these qualities seem doubly remarkable.

Hungerford's constant attention to detail (magnificently reinforced by the Munich engineers and the Bechstein piano) never reduces his playing to miniaturism; he follows the broad lines with much the same appreciation that he devotes to such secondary matters as nuance and shading. Certainly much of this music would seem far less inspired in the hands of a less sensitive musician.

The next installment in the recorded *Gesamtausgabe* of unknown Wagner will probably feature lieder, and perhaps some of the arias written for inserts in Donizetti operas. Friedelind Wagner intends to record in stereo "only if and when the music warrants it". Judging by the results of her first effort, stereo or no stereo, the next Master Class recording will be worth a year's wait.

FROM THE EDITOR:

I AGREE absolutely with Alan Kayes of RCA Victor that the so-called "compact 33" could "restore the classical business in pre-LP terms" without detracting from the microgroove market. I have felt right along that this was the answer for those hundreds if not thousands of short pieces that get lost on omnibus programs. Why shouldn't a student be able to buy a pair of Chopin Mazurkas, say, instead of having to lay out several dollars for a whole recital? There may be problems of production, etc., that are yet to be solved, but if not I think the industry ought to get moving on this. . . As a postscript to Raymond Wile's piece on the Muzio Edison recordings (April issue), it should be of interest that the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation has prepared a special LP entitled "The Sound of Fame" to commemorate Edison's enshonement in the so-called Hall of Fame at New York University. The disc includes the speaking voices of Edison himself and Sir Arthur Sullivan, together with selections from the Edison recordings of Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, Destinn, Bori, Muzio, and such disparate personalities as Sir Harry Lauder and Sophie Tucker (whose *Some of These Days* was inscribed on an Amberol cylinder something over fifty years ago!). A limited number of these LPs is available at \$5 the copy directly from the Foundation at 8 West 40th Street, New York City 18. . . Macy's may not tell Gimbels, but I must say that C. G. McProud of *Audio* did a whale of a job in wrapping up the whole complex story of multiplex FM in his June issue. I still do not understand all the issues involved, and the ARG may or may not be devoting any space to the matter, but meantime I commend any stereophilic radiophiles to our esteemed contemporary. . . A good many of the initial offerings by The Music Guild are reviewed in this issue. Because these are to be had only by mail, it is only right to mention for the benefit of those interested that the address of MG is 111 West 57th Street, New York City 19. . . Speaking of

addresses, I have finally tracked down Baroque Records, about whose first release so many of you wrote to me. This label can be reached c/o John Graziano of The Renaissance Chorus Association, 28-06 34th Avenue, Long Island City, N. Y. And incidentally Baroque will soon be bringing out Okeghem's *Missa Mi-Mi* as the first in what is hoped will be a complete edition of the Masses (there are nine) by that composer. . . The photograph of Ned Rorem on page 844 is by Gene Cook, which gives me an opportunity to mention that the versatile Cook has just assumed the editorship of a promising new magazine (known, for better or worse, as *Bravol*) to be distributed free to the nation's concert audiences. I wish him well, along with the pianist Arthur Whittemore (of W. and Lowe), whose idea *Bravol* was in the first place. What with this publication, and such other forthcoming ones as *Show*, and recent expansions at *Musical America* and *Musical Courier*, our musical culture soon will be chronicled as thoroughly as baseball. . . Now that Oxford University Press has published John Lanchbery's new score (after Hérold) for the Royal Ballet's *La Fille mal gardée*, it would be not unreasonable to start looking for a recording of this delicious music. . . As a coupling (although this is perhaps too much to hope for), nothing would be more appropriate than the music Johann Wilhelm Hertel (1727-89) composed for the *original* production of Dauberval's choreographic masterpiece. Hertel's score, in all manner of arrangements, has been heard thousands of times but never has been recorded. I think it has earned the chance. . . It will be good news for collectors that all but a dozen or so of the items in the old Urania catalogue will be re-released. . . In the "far out" department, I might report for the edification of science fiction fans in particular that Blomdahl's opera about outer space, "*Aniara*", will be released later this month by Columbia. Pretty soon no stereo rig will be complete without seat belts.

—J.L.

Other Reviews

(including stereo®)

THERE IS IN SOULS a sympathy with sounds, and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased with melting airs or martial, brisk or grave; some chord in unison with what we hear is touched within us, and the heart replies.

—William Cowper

ALBÉNIZ: *Iberia*; **TURINA:** *Danzas Fantásticas*; L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Ernest Ansermet. London Stereo CS-6194, \$4.98.

§THESE performances are only moderately successful, lacking the rhythmic strength of Reiner on Victor and the coloristic variety of Argenta on the earlier London disc (monophonic only). To this ear, both works emerge as rather ponderous exercises, and the excellence of the recording and the quality of the tape-to-disc transfer merely emphasize the unidiomatic goings-on on the podium.—R.J.

•
J. C. BACH: *Sinfonia for Double Orchestra*, Op. 18, No. 1; **J. S. BACH:** *Toccat and Fugue in D minor*; *Toccat, Adagio and Fugue in C*; *Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor*; The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML-5580, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6180, \$5.98.

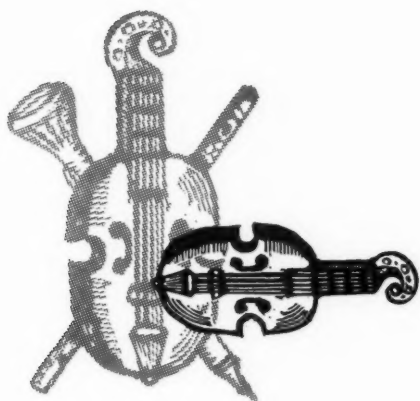
§IF it is important in no other respect, this disc contains what is, so far as I can discover, a first stereo recording of J. C. Bach's *Sinfonia for Double Orchestra*. Bearing a strong resemblance to early Mozart, this work was written by J. S. Bach's son between 1774 and 1777. Its three movements are marked *Allegro spiritoso*, *Andante*, and *Allegro*. An altogether charming piece, it is spiritedly, if

somewhat lushly, presented here. Especially captivating is the middle movement, which features a triplet figure by one orchestra while the other sings a lovely legato melody. The other items on this program are familiar to all Philadelphia Orchestra fans, being herewith recorded by that elegant and lavish ensemble for the umpteenth time. The stereo sound leaves little to be desired.

—D.H.M.

•
J. S. BACH: *Cantata No. 8*, "Liebster Gott, wann werd'ich sterben"; *Cantata No. 45*, "Es ist dir gesagt, Mensch, was gut ist"; Ursula Buckel (soprano), Hertha Töpfer (alto), Ernst Häfliger (tenor), Keith Engen (bass), Aurele Nicolet (flute), Horst Schneider (oboe d'amore), Munich Bach Chorus and Instrumental Ensemble of the Ansbach Bach-Woche conducted by Karl Richter. Deutsche Grammophon Archive ARC-3145, \$5.98.

▲WORDS fail me in trying to describe the extraordinary beauty of the opening chorus of Cantata No. 8. Despite its agonized title, this is music that distills the essence of serenity into eight minutes of absolute sublimity. Hear this music, if you hear nothing else this year. Altogether this is one of the finest Bach cantatas on records, with such ensuing



The promise
of stereo
is fulfilled
with

marantz

amplifiers and preamplifiers

Built to uncompromising standards
for those who require better performance
than that which is commonly available.

marantz

25-14 BROADWAY, LONG ISLAND CITY, 6, NEW YORK.

joys as a tenor aria of amazing rhythmic complexity, and a perfectly delightful air *à la gigue* for bass that could hold its own in the "Peasant Cantata". Cantata No. 45 is a sturdy piece on its own, but somewhat workaday after the brilliant opening chorus. Like few men in the business, Richter has the secret for getting this kind of music into motion and keeping it there. These are performances delightfully free from ponderosity, beautifully balanced and full of light and shade. I admire particularly his forcetel and yet discreet treatment of the organ continuo, which presumably he plays himself; it becomes a real support for the ensemble, but never once mires the forward impulse. His chorus of men and boys is marvelous, and his soloists—this one time at least—are splendidly attuned. Töpper has never been a pet of mine, but here she manages to subdue her usual tendency toward hootiness. The young American Keith Engen has come along in this style since his rather tentative Jesus in the Archive *St. Matthew Passion*; here he sings with fine resource and color. Häfliger is very good indeed. A valuable and commendable disc from every standpoint. —A.R.

•
J. S. BACH: *Cantata No. 32; Cantata No. 79; Ingeborg Reichelt and Bazia Rechitzka (sopranos), Annelotte Sieber-Ludwig (alto), Jakob Staempfli and Dieter Wolf (basses), Laubach Choir and Chamber Orchestra of The Saar conducted by Karl Ristenpart. Music Guild M-5, \$5.50, or Stereo S-5, \$6.50. Cantata No. 82; Cantata No. 159; the same artists. Music Guild M-6, \$5.50, or Stereo S-6, \$6.50 (by subscription only).*

(Cantata No. 32)
Scherchen Westminster 18391
(Cantata No. 79)
Lehmann Archive 3065
(Cantata No. 82)
Fischer-Dieskau, Ristenpart Archive 3085
Harrell, Shaw RCA 2312

⑤ ONLY one of these works is new to records, the quietly somber No. 159, with its haunting bass aria with oboe obbligato, *Es ist vollbracht*, that Elisabeth Schumann sang so incredibly (transposed, naturally) 'way back when. I would take that record (if I didn't already have it) in preference to either of these new LPs, because, quite

frankly, they're not very good. In the early days of LP, when repertory was everything and any European name, no matter how obscure, could guarantee the snob appeal of a recording, performances of this caliber were in circulation from several small companies now defunct. I had thought, however, that through the efforts of men like Scherchen, Prohaska, and especially the late Fritz Lehmann, the standards of acceptable performances of this repertory had been somewhat raised.

But no. Here we have the same muddy choral singing, the same hooty and wobbly soloists, the same struggling chamber orchestra with no tone and little technique, and—worst of all—the same prosaic Kappellmeisterish beat, that evoke names long and best forgotten in phonographic annals. All that has changed is the recorded sound, which at least is clear and well-balanced. I had hoped for more from Music Guild, since their initial list looks on paper most impressive. But this is no way to begin.

—A.R.

•
J. S. BACH: *Sonatas for Flute and Clavier, BWV 1030-32, 1020; Sonatas for Flute and Figured Bass, BWV 1033-35; Zoltan Jeney (flute), Paul Angerer (harpsichord), and Johann Klika (cello). Vox Twin set VUX-2002, four sides, \$5.95.*

Wummer, Valenti Westminster XWL-2215
Kaplan, Smith Boston 408/9
Baker, Marlowe Decca DX-113

▲ NONE of these performers is familiar, but at least two of them are obviously musicians of ability. Jeney produces a very neutral and clear tone, without excessive richness or display, and for this music such a sound is not at all out of place. Technically, he is a complete master of both his instrument and the music. Angerer also makes a very fine impression. By contrast, Klika's handling of the cello parts in BWV 1033/5 is sometimes choppy, a flaw made the worse by the strange prominence given his instrument in these works at the expense of the harpsichord, which is pushed far into the distant background. This is a pity because the realizations are very effective and pleasing. The contrast between this faulty balance and the more proper harpsi-

a
great
name



ARTIA

a
greater
sound

ARTIA

the
greatest
artists

ARTIA

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER • DAVID OISTRAKH • EMIL GILELS
DIMITRI BASHKIROV • DANIEL POLLACK • VACLAV TALICH
PRAGUE NATIONAL THEATER • CZECH PHILHARMONIC
KONSTANTIN IVANOV • KAREL ANCERL • IGOR OISTRAKH
KIRIL KONDRASHIN • BOLSHOI THEATER • LEONID KOGAN
MSTISLAV ROSTROPOVICH • LENINGRAD PHILHARMONIC
EUGENE MRAVINSKY • ZARA DOLUKHANOVA • KAREL
SEJNA • VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY • GALINA VISHNEVSKAYA

ARTIA • PARLIAMENT • MK • SUPRAPHON

ARTIA RECORDING CORP. • 38 WEST 48th STREET, NEW YORK 36, NEW YORK

chord role in the sonatas where the cello is not used is vividly demonstrated in the abrupt change on side 4 between BWV 1035 and 1020. Otherwise the sound, if a shade dry, is very good, with a particularly natural quality for the harpsichord. This set is part of a new series of "Vox Twins" in the tradition of its cut-rate "Vox Boxes". (It should be noted, however, that since Vox is apparently making all its new releases now for uniform circulation in France, England, and the U.S., this new series has only a flimsy paper packaging—with alternate French and English notes—in contrast to the sturdier packaging of the "Vox Boxes".) In issuing it Vox has finally made up for its deletion long ago of the first LP set of these works, done by Ferdinand Caratgé and Marcelle Charbonnier (PL-6160). Also no longer available is a pair of records released by London through its old Ducretet-Thomson affiliate label, in which all these works were played by the admirable Jean-Pierre Rampal with harpsichordist Robert Veyron-Lacroix. On one disc (DT-93107) they offered BWV 1030-32, plus the Sonata or Suite in A minor (BWV-1013) for unaccompanied flute; and on the other (DT-93058) they were joined by cellist Jean Huchot for BWV 1033/5 and 1020. Not only did they thus offer all eight of Bach's works for flute, with the proper use of the cello where needed and in generally outstanding performances, but they also ventured to include a reconstruction of the fragmentary opening *Allegro* of BWV 1032, which all the other recordings (including this new set) omit. The unavailability of this old release, then, leaves the field still open. The Decca set is poorest in sound, and only offers six works (the BWV 1013 and 1020 being omitted). The two remaining ones now in circulation offer all eight works, but without cellist where needed. The Boston set, if officially in print, is difficult to find in stores. On the whole the Wummer-Valenti set is the one for those who want all eight works. For those who are willing to sacrifice BWV 1013 in exchange for the proper use of the cello in the continuo sonatas—notwithstanding the recording imbalance mentioned above—this new set

will serve nicely, especially with its advantage of lower price. —J.W.B.

BARTÓK: *Piano Concertos Nos. 2 and 3*; Geza Anda (piano) with Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Ferenc Fricsay. Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18611, \$5.98.

▲BOTH the somewhat distant recording and what seems to be an undersized orchestra emphasize one's impression that these performances are too light and without the force needed to present these estimable compositions in the most favorable manner. Anda plays them well, but Fricsay's slow tempi work against the pianist's effort to make them seem spontaneous, particularly in the *allegro* sections of the Third Concerto. I have heard Anda play the latter like a house on fire in collaboration with Fritz Reiner; but here he is fighting a losing battle, and the results lack spirit, verve, and atmosphere.

—C.J.L.

BARTÓK: *Concerto for Orchestra*; Houston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Everest LPBR-6069, \$4.98, or Stereo SDBR-3069, \$5.98.

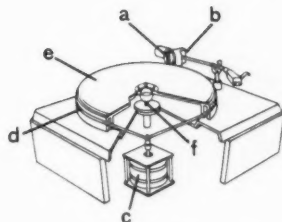
⑤THE straightforward and understanding reading by Stokowski and the splendid sonics (this was A&R Director Bert Whyte's last assignment for Everest) are the recommendable features of this long-delayed issue. (It was recorded a couple of years ago). It has no others; for the Houston orchestra, despite its obvious enthusiasm, is not skilled enough to handle many of the extremely difficult passages with which this work abounds. Bernstein's Columbia recording is still the version to acquire.

—C.J.L.

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Concerto No. 5 in E Flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor")*; Frantisek Rauch (piano); Karel Sejna conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Parliament PLP-147, \$4.98.

▲FROM Supraphon, via Parliament, comes an "Emperor" that would need a phenomenally bloody revolution to achieve a throne. The orchestra is satisfactory, but tempi are consistently speedy and

this is the empire[®] troubador



the playback unit that enables you to enjoy all the quality of today's records

With the tremendous advances achieved in record quality, and in amplifier and speaker components, the playback unit assumes a role of unprecedented importance. It is the vital link between the record's promise of performance and its ultimate realization. For, if all the quality in the modern record were extracted from its grooves, and delivered—unaltered—to the amplifier, the result would be almost indistinguishable from the original live performance.

No one playback component can fulfill this requirement. It takes all three. And that is why you can depend upon the Troubador—combining the finest cartridge, arm and turntable—to deliver all the quality in your records to the rest of your music system.

empire 108 mono-stereo cartridge

Low mass and high compliance. Stylus tracks with force as low as 1 gram. Flat from 10 to 20,000 cycles on both channels, balance to $\pm 1/4$ db. Full channel separation over entire spectrum. \$34.50

empire 98 playback arm

Dynamic balance, low inertia and high compliance make the 98 the most stable yet freely responsive arm available. Tracks 108 cartridge at 1 gram. \$37.50

ARM NOTES: (a) Calibrated knob—accurate to ± 0.1 gram—adjusts torque of clock spring for desired stylus force without disturbing arm balance—does not shift center-of-mass. (b) Vertical and lateral pivot bearings suspended in ball races.

empire 208 3-speed turntable

Only two moving parts—motor and turntable—coupled by seamless belt for lowest rumble content. Vertical and horizontal rumble amplitude, less than 1 millionth of an inch. No wow or flutter. \$92.50

TURNTABLE NOTES: (c) Hysteresis motor has dynamically balanced rotor and stepped, 3-speed pulley. (d) Neoprene-impregnated seamless belt is ground to uniform thickness $\pm .0005$ ". (e) Turntable platter individually adjusted to dynamic balance. Weighs 6 lbs., and has dual rim for optimum flywheel effectiveness. (f) Lapped mainshaft rotates in micro-honed bearing-well. Tolerance is less than .0001".

See and hear the Troubador at your high fidelity dealer today and discover the wonderful difference it will make in the performance of your music system. Price is \$180, including cartridge, arm, turntable and walnut base. Price, less cartridge, is \$145.50. For descriptive literature, write to:

empire[®]
EMPIRE RECORDS, INC. 1000 STEWART AVE.
JERSEY CITY, N.J. 07310



unfeeling. The pianist thumps stolidly along as if his eye is on the clock, phrasing and other subtleties never having a chance. The recording achieves the difficult feat of sounding both shrill and boomy. The instrument emerging with the most clarity in the recording is the pianist's chair, which squeaks in a persistent sort of way throughout. In protest, probably.—R.J.

•
BEETHOVEN: *Overtures—Leonore No. 3, Op. 72B; Consecration of the House, Op. 124; Egmont, Op. 84; Namensfeier, Op. 115; Coriolanus, Op. 62.* Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Eugen Jochum. Epic LC-3370, \$4.98, or Stereo BC-1128, \$5.98.

§ EMINENTLY satisfactory from nearly every point of view. These performances are samples of Beethoven at its best, beautifully executed, large in scale, and warm in tone. The recording, while good, does not do the orchestra justice, coarsening string quality slightly. In all other respects, however, a superlative effort by all concerned. —R.J.

•
BEETHOVEN: *Septet in E flat, Op. 20;* The Melos Ensemble of London. London-L'Oiseau Lyre Stereo SOL-60015, \$5.98.

Vienna Octet members. London LL-1191

§ THERE are two ways of hearing this admittedly loose-jointed piece: as a charming and undemanding latter-day manifestation of the 18th-century *Divertimento*, meant for fun and relaxation; or, as a stepping-stone in the forward development of Beethoven the Titan, to be treated to unsmiling and precise analysis and evaluation for its place in the Scheme of Things. The latter approach is, I think, unjust to the work and its purpose, and usually results in selling the piece somewhat short.

Unfortunately, although there is wonderful playing on this new record, the approach of the Melos Ensemble seems to follow the second path, sober and terribly Beethoven-conscious. They unleash a fine flood of lyricism in the slow movements, and this is all to the good, but there is a notable lack of humor in the second scherzo (which is, for my tastes, an

extremely funny piece) and in the finale. I find it equally difficult to accept their rather straight-laced rhythmic patterns in the gentle *Tempo di minuetto*. There are lovely sounds on this disc, especially those from the clarinet of Gervase de Peyer. There is more sense, along with the right kind of nonsense, however, in the superlative Vienna Octet performance of a few years ago on London, from which most of my esteem for this admirable work stems.

—A.R.

•
BRAHMS: *Piano Concerto No. 2 in B flat, Op. 83;* Julius Katchen (piano); London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Janos Ferencsik. London Stereo CS-6195, \$5.98.

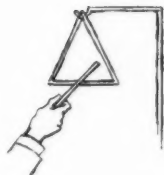
Horowitz, Toscanini. RCA Victor LCT-1025
Ashkenazy, Ludwig. Angel 35649
Gilels, Reiner. RCA Victor LM/LSC-2219

§ KATCHEN, whose now-deleted recording of the Brahms Sonata No. 3, Op. 5, was considered among the best performances of that work, is a pianist of considerable power, and this new version of the Second Concerto benefits from such an approach. The conception, more youthful than mellow, is a good one, even though there are points of interpretation that are solved more successfully in some of the other available recordings. The performance is nevertheless warm and exciting, and London's stereo sound is highly effective. —I.K.

•
BRAHMS: *Intermezzo—Op. 76, Nos. 6, 7; Op. 116, No. 4; Op. 117, Nos. 1, 2, 3; Op. 118, Nos. 1, 2, 6; Op. 119, No. 1;* Glenn Gould (piano). Columbia ML-5637, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6237, \$5.98.

§ GOULD has become a dependable source for surprises; that is what you can expect from an artist who thinks for himself. For the first time on records, he has now turned to Brahms; and, as one might have predicted, it is the *Intermezzi*—mainly the double-dark ones—which interest him. Gould's tone, chording, and attention to detail are as remarkable as ever. Some of his work is freshly expressive, but his emphasis on this music's improvisatory aspects stresses the poor continuity of many of the *Intermezzi*. A Brahms specialist, such as Wilhelm Back-

ideal of a speaker system



exact reproduction
of original performance

Bozak Speaker Systems live up to this ideal. They are unequalled in their realistic recreation of voice and music.

Whether your choice is a beautifully cabinetted model or a panel mounted system ready for custom installation — if you want the best, get a Bozak!

Visit a Bozak Franchised Dealer for a convincing demonstration.

Bozak

Darien, Conn.

THE VERY BEST IN MUSIC

haus, often makes these pieces more satisfying by drawing our attention away from this weakness. —C.J.L.

CHOPIN: *24 Préludes, Op. 28; Polonaise No. 6, Op. 53;* Geza Anda (piano). Deutsche Grammophon LPM-18604. \$5.98.

▲**SUPERB** recorded sound here lets us discover just how much Anda has grown as artist and pianist since his last appearances in America. He has developed his skill in finger attack and his tone is now lovely, and he is secure in applying an unusual variety of finger weights to whatever assignment may be at hand. Anda also shows good taste in his performances of Chopin, and altogether this disc deserves commendation as a fine achievement. It is easily the best version of the *Préludes* we have had since Rubinstein's and Gulda's (now withdrawn). The big *Polonaise* in A flat is another matter, for Anda does not yet possess the controlled strength to give it its full glory. He is, however, to be congratulated for not attempting more than he can manage. Better a well-formed, small-scale performance than a careless reach for the heroic. —C.J.L.

CHOPIN: *Six Mazurkas; Valse, Op. 18; Two Préludes; Polonaises, Op. 40, No. 2 and Op. 71, No. 1;* Halina Czerny-Stefanska (piano). Supraphon SUA-10012. \$5.98 (Artia import).

▲**BEAUTIFUL**, apposite tone and good style can make up for many shortcomings in performing the works of Chopin. Miss Czerny-Stefanska has both virtues to a

degree one rarely encounters. Only in her late thirties, this accomplished artist already has the reputation of being the finest Polish Chopin player of her generation. She was taught first by her father; later she was a pupil of Cortot's, and perhaps it was the French tonal wizard who passed on to her the secret of achieving a truly buttery sonority. Though she does not play with anything like the speed and power of a number of her contemporaries, Miss Czerny-Stefanska is capable of dealing handsomely with anything but the most brilliant or heroic of Chopin's compositions. She shines in the small-scaled pieces of intimate expression, and some of the *Mazurkas*, the *Prélude* No. 17 in A flat, and the seldom-played *Polonaise* in D minor, Op. 71, No. 1, are played with a most pleasing blend of accuracy and affection. —C.J.L.

CHOPIN: *Sonata No. 2 in B flat minor; 7 Mazurkas;* Yakov Flier (piano). MK-1549, \$4.98 (Artia import).

▲**AMONG** the Soviet pianists who have not yet visited our country, Yakov Flier stands out as the one his colleagues most often privately praise. Flier, now in his forties and one of the leading members of the Moscow Conservatory faculty, is as renowned in his homeland for his pedagogic skills as for his performing art. He has had an imposing number of students; several are established artists and more are going to be judging from the names that are winning awards at the international competitions. Flier is not well known even on records outside the Soviet Union. He has made quite a few records



Theme from *Carnival*; The Man I Love; Wunderbar; Broadway Melody; Rhapsody in Blue; Fascination; April Love; Singing in the Rain; others. Mono: B20100



Theme From The Apartment; The Green Leaves Of Summer (The Alamo); Never On Sunday; The Sundowners; Pepe; others. Mono: B20095 Stereo: S30095

Are You
In The Mood
For Mood?

\$1.98

MONO

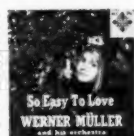
\$2.98

STEREO

**RICHMOND
-TELEFUNKEN**

a product of
LONDON
RECORDS

The Hawaiian Wedding Song; It's Not For Me To Say; Easy To Love; Hot Toddy; There's A Small Hotel; All The Way; others. Mono: TP2517 Stereo: TPS12517



Love Letters In The Sand; Venus; Goody Goody; Bye Bye Blues; Sweet Sue, Just You; I Miss You So; Fool Such As I; others. Mono: TP2516 Stereo: TPS12516



for home consumption; but the issue at hand is, I believe, only his second release here. It documents a pianist of impressive authority with fine technical equipment. He plays with uncommon detail and to considerable effect even while employing the rhythmic distortions that have become traditional in performing Chopin's compositions. This recording must have been accomplished some time ago. The Mazurkas, in particular, lack fullness of tone; and the sound is perhaps misleading. Flier's tone as disclosed therein has all the radiance of light reflected off a surgeon's scalpel and just as much warmth. The Sonata is more becoming sonically, and altogether it seems to me the best recorded performance we have had of this music since Novaes'.

—C.J.L.

CHOPIN: *The Fourteen Waltzes.* Alexander Brailowsky (piano). Columbia ML-5628, \$4.98, or Stereo MS-6228, \$5.98.

⑧BRAILOWSKY's Chopin is justly renowned, as Columbia is aware, since this is Volume Two (the Twenty-Four Preludes has already appeared) of the projected series of the complete piano music of Chopin performed by this artist. To my ear, Brailowsky's diamond-like brilliance could be softened somewhat to the betterment of the music. To be sure, this is a matter of taste, and I admit to a preference for a softer *quality* of tone in my Chopin, as exemplified by Mme. Novaes on her Vox recordings. But for those who like their Chopin with a crisp, forward drive and a no-nonsense approach, Brailowsky is the answer. The performances are

neat and intense, and the phrasing is broadly lyrical if at times too carefully calculated for maximum results. Good sound.

—R.J.

DVOŘÁK: *Piano Concerto in G minor, Op. 33;* Frantisek Maxian (piano); Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Václav Talich. Artia ALP-179, \$4.98.

Firkusny, Cleveland.....Col. ML-4967

▲THIS work is the ugly duckling among Dvořák's three concerti, of which the other two are both better known. Such neglect is very unjust, for this is a fine work. The first of the trio, the Piano Concerto was composed in 1876, at the beginning of Dvořák's rise to international success. Though demanding for the soloist, it is not a virtuoso work but more of a "symphonic concerto", in the tradition of at least some aspects of Brahms' two great essays (finished in 1858 and 1881, respectively). If its finale contains a good deal of unconvincing bluster, the work has a first movement of great power and beauty, built on rich thematic material, and its slow movement is full of real poetry. Its principal problem, however, is the solo part, which learned minds have pronounced impractical, un pianistic, unreasonably difficult, ungrateful, etc., etc. To resolve this difficulty a Prague Conservatory professor, the late Vilém Kurz, undertook to revise the solo part, smoothing out supposedly clumsy passages, adding supposedly more felicitous touches, and assuming that this overhaul should give the work a better chance of success. But in point of fact the original is not



Tchaikovsky: **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY** — Complete. The Paris Cons. Orch. Anatole Fistoulari. BA 42001 2-12" \$3.96 complete

Definitive Recordings At Low Cost

\$1.98 MONO

RICHMOND

A PRODUCT OF
LONDON
RECORDS

Tchaikovsky: **THE SWAN LAKE** — Complete. London Sym. Orchestra. Anatole Fistoulari. BA 42003 2-12" \$3.96 complete



Bach: **BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS** — Complete. Stuttgart Chamber Orch. Karl Münchinger. BA 42002 2-12" \$3.96 complete

Bach: **ST. MATTHEW PASSION** — Complete. Ferrier, Suddaby, Greene, Cummings, Bach Choir. Jacques Orchestra. BA 43001 3-12" \$5.94 complete



"A journalist once asked Picasso for his opinion of paintings produced by chimpanzees. The artist's response was characteristically original. He bit the reporter."



READERS of NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE have been educated and entertained by an account of a recent experiment on the origins of artistic activities utilizing chimpanzees as anthropological guinea pigs. This intriguing project was reproduced in full color in NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE.

A comprehensive study of primitive and folk music is presented in the May issue and illustrates the invaluable use of recordings to the ethnologist. The author, Colin Turnbull, has spent considerable time recording the music of primitive societies in remote regions of Africa.

These are just two of the uniquely fascinating articles to be found in NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE. The talents of distinguished scientists, writers, photographers, and artists are combined to explore and interpret for the layman the many facets of the natural sciences. Anthropology, archaeology, astronomy, botany, entomology, geology, herpetology, ichthyology, mammalogy, mineralogy, ornithology, paleontology and all their related branches are regularly featured.

In addition to 10 issues of NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE a year, your subscription also includes... ■ Associate Membership in The American Museum of Natural History ■ 10% discount at the Museum Shop and Hayden Planetarium Book Corner on authentic reproductions of native jewelry, pottery, sculpture, and objects of art, as well as books, native handicrafts, games and scientific toys. FREE with two year subscription—a handsome 20" x 24" Audubon bird print reproduced from the Museum's collection and therefore unavailable elsewhere.

NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE

CENTRAL PARK WEST AT 79 STREET, NEW YORK CITY 24, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription as indicated:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ 1 year \$5

☐ 2 years \$10

☐ check enclosed

☐ bill me

at all impossible, as at least one recorded performance has shown, and aside from the question of difficulty the two versions do not sound too drastically different in over-all effect. This confusion has therefore doubtless done more to hinder the work than to help it, at least in the concert hall, where it is all too rarely heard. The public has had ample opportunity to become familiar with it in this country, thanks to two previous recordings. The one still in print was made by Firkusny, a pupil of Kurz, naturally using his teacher's revision in championing the work. His performance is forceful and clear. Unfortunately, however, Szell's conception of the work is so hard-driven and pushed, and the recording sound so lack-luster, that this version has never been completely satisfying to me. At an opposite extreme was an old Vox recording (PL-7630), the first appearance of the work on records in the country. In it the soloist, Friedrich Wührer, used not the revised solo part but Dvořák's own; and not only did he overcome its alleged problems with proficiency but indeed he infused it with real feeling. Moreover, he benefited from a particularly understanding and effective handling of the orchestral part by the late Rudolf Moralt—who seems to me to have been a much better conductor than many people have acknowledged. The Vienna Symphony, though crude by comparison with Szell's orchestra technically—the transparencies of the slow movement showed that clearly—still rose excellently to the occasion, especially in the first movement, sounding as good as it ever has. The deletion of this record was unfortunate, for it deprived us at once of a fine performance and of our one opportunity to hear the original solo part. The present Supraphon/Artia recording goes back to the end of 78 r.p.m. days and is at least as old as the Vox. Nevertheless, its sound is generally the best of the three on most counts. The revised solo part is employed, which is perhaps unfortunate on grounds of authenticity. Maxian is not a pianist of great note, but he plays well, if not with great color or strength at least more flexibly than Firkusny. But the real master

here is of course the late Talich, Dvořák's greatest interpreter. Compare his work with Szell's: Talich understands the difference between balanced propulsion and needlessly driving fury. He also realizes the final movement in terms of Dvořák's symphonic finales much better than any other conductor. And if his orchestra is less sharp than Szell's it has richer colors. Without doubt, in my opinion, this new release of the old Czech recording is superior to the Columbia version. But it would still be nice to have the old Vox record available yet for healthy contrast.

—J.W.B.

DVOŘÁK: *Symphony (No. 7) in D minor, Op. 70, "No. 2";* Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Karel Sejna; *"The Devil and Kate" Overture;* Prague National Theater Orchestra conducted by Zdenek Chalabala. Artia ALP-177, \$4.98.

DVOŘÁK: *Symphony (No. 8) in G, Op. 88, "No. 4"; The Midday Witch—Symphonic Poem, Op. 108;* Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Václav Talich. Artia ALP-178, \$4.98.

("No. 2")
Haitink, Concertg. Orch. Epic BC-1070
Szell, Cleveland Orch. Epic BSC-109
Kubelik, Vienna Phil. London CS-6083
("No. 4")
Szell, Cleveland Orch. Epic BSC-109, BC-1015
Silvestri, London Phil. Angel 35622

▲ THE ink was barely dry on my observation, in reviewing Artia's release of Sejna's Dvořák "No. 3" and "No. 1", that they might produce also Supraphon's recordings of the remaining two Dvořák Symphonies not yet in their catalogue, when along came these very items. In a market seemingly saturated with first-rate performances of these familiar works and with the added advantages of stereo sound, bringing out these old transfers from 78 r.p.m. originals might seem a foredoomed enterprise. Indeed, at first thought it might seem surprising that Artia did not issue these two recordings on their low-priced Parliament label, as they did Talich's "No. 5", and let it go at that.

A hearing of them, however, promptly removes all questions or doubts. Dvořák is a composer of such international repute that we tend to forget how much of a

national possession he still is for the Czechs. This is no idle factor in the making of these performances. It is not a matter simply of individual interpretative skills. To be sure, these conductors point up details which others miss—such as the jabbing little viola crescendo in the transition from exposition to development in the first movement of "No. 2". Nor is it simply the particular richness of the Czech Philharmonic's outstanding winds, so perfectly suited to the composer's timbres. Nor is it chance that Sejna recognizes properly the basically folk-dance quality of the Scherzo of "No. 2"—just as he did that of "No. 1". The point is that these performers know Dvořák as a part of their background and upbringing; from conductor to timpanist, these men have this music in their bones.

I could readily dispense with any other recordings of these works, past or present, in favor of these two. It is all very well to want the most up-to-date sound, but there is just so much that stereo can do to enhance a performance. Those listed above certainly have their respective merits musically as well as sonically, but I would still recommend these old Supra-

phons against them. Inevitably their sound suffers by comparison with their newer rivals, but it is still amazingly good vivid, fairly wide-range and life-like, without too much distortion. Artia's engineers have handled them well, too, save for a clumsy tape cut in the first movement of "No. 4". No one interested in the great masterpieces of the symphonic literature can afford not to know these superb performances. Their appearance is all the more significant in that they arrived at the same time as the news of Talich's death, at 78, in mid-March of this year. How fortunate we are to have his matchless understanding of Dvořák's music preserved for us!

The appearance of these discs is also significant in that it completes Artia's traversal of all nine of Dvořák's Symphonies. I defy anyone to work his way through the full sequence of these works, never before available in its entirety, without a vastly enlarged appreciation of Dvořák as one of the greatest composers of the nineteenth century, and one of the greatest symphonists of all music. To make all of these symphonies accessible in a consistent and authentic quality of presentation is a contribution for which we owe Artia a great debt.

Nor should their generosity in these two releases go unnoticed. Only one other company (Epic, Haitink) has bothered to add a bonus to a recording of "No. 2", but Artia gives us a sample of its complete recording ALPO-81 of Dvořák's minor but entertaining opera, "*Certá Káča*". Its overture is interesting and pleasant, even if it does seem trivial and inferior—in sound and performance as well as in musical merit—after the breath-taking experience of Sejna's "No. 2". The bonus for Talich's superb "No. 4" is a more worthy supplement. This ideal recording of Dvořák's colorful symphonic poem used to be available on an old Urania release (URLP-7073, together with Talich's splendid *The Golden Spinning Wheel*, which Artia really ought to restore to us). It is good to have it back again, especially as an additional inducement for an already irresistible release.

—J.W.B.

When you can't find some remembered review from a back issue of *The American Record Guide*, consult

The Index of Record Reviews

Compiled by KURTZ MYERS

It is one of the three regular departments reporting on new music, records, and books on music in the quarterly journal



published by the

MUSIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
c/o Music Division, Library of Congress,
Washington 25, D.C.

A team which RCA should exploit for all it's worth

WHY HAVE the recording companies been keeping Berl Senofsky from us? In 1955, after having won the Queen Elisabeth of Belgium Prize, this artist recorded the Brahms Concerto for Epic. The performance was cursed by substandard conducting and sloppy orchestral playing and did not serve as an indication of the true gifts of this phenomenal musician. Now in his second recording, and partnered by a superb pianist, Senofsky shows us in the most forceful terms possible that he belongs in the empyrean of today's violinists.

There was lamentation among the comparatively few admirers of Fauré's subtle genius when, in quick succession, two fine versions of this Sonata (Franciscatti-Casadesus and Fournier-Doyen) were deleted from the catalogue. In the presence of this new release, I feel safe in saying that nothing at all has been lost as far as the A major Sonata is concerned. Of course the double deletion leaves us without a recording of the same composer's E minor Sonata, a situation which I hope will be remedied some day soon by Messrs. Senofsky and Graffman. But there is no doubt in my mind that this new version of Op. 13 is superior to its distinguished predecessors.

It may be slightly unfair to devote more words to the violinist than to the pianist when discussing one of the most perfectly integrated works in the violin and piano literature, where neither part actually dominates, but Graffman has displayed his great abilities on more than one occasion while this may serve as the listener's introduction to Senofsky. The violinist has left all problems of technique far behind; therefore this aspect of his playing requires no further comment. His tone is rich, of ample size, and wonder-

fully clean. In the outer movements, the violin soars with a passion matching Fauré's headlong, ecstatic romanticism. The *andante*, as these marvelous performers project it, might have been lifted from *La Bonne Chanson*, with its tender, perfumed lyricism. Senofsky does not let this movement get the better of his romantic instincts; it is kept intensely songful rather than sentimental. The playful scherzo (*Allegro vivo*) is a terrific display of violin dexterity and both men make the Schumannesque Trio something quite out of this hard, cold world.

I have previously paid insufficient attention to Debussy's only sonata for this combination of instruments (his first and second are for cello-piano duo and flute, viola, and harp trio, respectively). Not that I have ever had anything against the piece; it is simply one of those well-known compositions which I had never gotten around to. Hearing these splendid artists play it I was literally stunned, and borrowed several other recordings of it as quickly as possible. I emerged from several hours of listening with the definite feeling that I had been missing some glorious music, for it is magnificent in the hands of other performers as well. But again they must stand aside for the uncannily unified and aware playing of these supremely gifted musicians. It is a pleasure to find that younger performers of today no longer find it necessary to feel that Debussy, even such late Debussy as this, must be a smudgy haze of sound. This is straightforward playing, very sharply articulated and strongly propelled. Graffman and Senofsky play with brilliance and ardor, creating a conception of such excitement and technical wizardry that even the most hard-boiled listener should capitulate.

This is a team which RCA should exploit for all it's worth. They sound as if they had played together all their lives, and their ideas are not only original but marvelously convincing as well. —H.G.

FAURÉ: *Sonata No. 1 in A, Op. 13*;
DEBUSSY: *Sonata No. 3 in G minor*;
Berl Senofsky (violin); Gary Graffman
(piano). RCA Victor LM-2488, \$4.98,
or Stereo LSC-2488, \$5.98.

After 21 years, the first recording of his fourth ("Folksong") Symphony

What the real Roy Harris sounds like

By JACK DIETHER



IN RECENT years, Roy Harris unfortunately has been sounding more and more often like an imitation of an imitation of himself—a common occupational hazard of writers and composers. So it is high time we were again reminded of what the real Harris sounds like. This is it.

Just why his first major work to be recorded in the stereo age should not have been his great Third Symphony, the work which practically put the American symphony on the global map, making a tremendous impact in Britain and elsewhere, I can't imagine. But as long as it was to be a work which has *never* been recorded commercially before, I am delighted that it should be this equally characteristic Fourth, or "Folksong Symphony". I strongly doubt that it would have served a like office if it had been exported in the forties instead of the Third. What the international audience sought was a powerful and convincing distillation of "American modern", not "American home-grown", and the Third filled the prescription exactly.

On the other hand, the recorded transmission of the first New York performance of the Fourth under Mitropoulos in 1942, by the overseas armed forces radio network during the North African phase of the war, must have been a tremendous

stimulation to receptive members of our own forces. Here the harmonic strength and sheer grandeur of the Third Symphony was applied to some of our most nostalgic folk ballads, making explicit the implied folk derivations of the Third's austere modern lines, and spelling out its emotional roots in Harris' pioneer ancestry. We feel here the same love of one's soil that has always invested Prokofiev's most daring musical excursions, and eventually led him back to that soil for good, despite his uneasy and restless existence under the Stalinist regime.

As a Canadian airman with parents from Nebraska and Indiana myself, I attended that 1942 Harris performance by Mitropoulos in Carnegie Hall, surrounded by Allied uniforms, and I will never forget it. Just as the memory of Vaughan Williams' Fourth came to symbolize for me the somber strength of the London I knew under the blitz, so the Harris Third and Fourth came to symbolize what I most valued in my American ties. I hope many others will share my pleasure in finally adding it to their record libraries.

The third and fifth movements of this work are "dance interludes", for strings-percussion and full orchestra respectively; the rest of its seven movements are for chorus and orchestra. They constituted the best of his choral writing since his early, still unsurpassed "Symphony for Voices on Poems of Walt Whitman" (Symphony No. 2), an *a cappella* work of 1935. In the Fourth, the song material is from John and Alan Lomax' *Cowboy*

HARRIS: *Folksong Symphony, 1940*; American Festival Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. Vanguard VRS-1064, \$4.98, or Stereo VSD-2082 \$5.95. (36 mins.)

Songs and Other Frontier Ballads, and from Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag*. The seven movements treat in turn the following material:

1. *The Girl I Left Behind Me*
2. *Oh Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*; *Old Chisholm Trail*; *Laredo*
3. several fiddle tunes
4. *He's Gone Away*
5. *Jump Up My Lady* and fiddle tunes
6. *Little Boy Named David*; *De Trumpet Sounds It in My Soul*
7. *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*

The closest parallels I can recall to Harris' entirely original and compelling harmonic treatment of such materials, with its unexpectedly equivocal or unsettling effect, are Virgil Thomson's treatment of certain Puritan hymns, and Michael Tippett's of Negro spirituals. (In regard to the latter, see the *ARG* for December, 1958. Ives, on the other hand, tends toward Mahler's still more fleeting and surrealist suggestion of popular matter.)

This equivocal effect is strongest in the three even-numbered movements. Harris' own evocations of the Negro spiritual (No. 6, with its remarkable instrumental fantasia) and the Western ballad (No. 2) are themselves far removed in style from the potpourris endlessly dished up in pop (and not so pop) concerts; they in turn, along with the dance interludes, frame the heart of the matter (structurally, emotionally, and geographically, so to speak), the mountain love-ballad of No. 4. The soul of a country is involuntarily referred to as feminine, for reasons we should need no Drs. Freud, Jung, nor Reik to elaborate. Thus Harris rightly, and probably instinctively, embodies that very soul in the

simple and poignant words, "Oh who will bind your hair, and who will glove your hand, and who will kiss your ruby lips, when I am gone?" Here the most primitive and the most sophisticated functions of music meet in a perfect embrace. (I believe the words of the second clause were originally "and who will tie your shoes?" Whoever thought that "glove your hand" would make more sense was dreaming.)

Equally removed from the pop concert manner is the *Johnny Comes Marching Home* finale, as can be rather dramatically seen by comparing it with, say, Morton Gould's arrangement. It should remind us that Harris also wrote a fine overture on *Johnny*, of which this is but a shortened arrangement with added chorus, about half as long as the Overture—and that neither Eugene Ormandy, who recorded the latter on 78 r.p.m., nor anyone else has ever done it for LP.

While I might doubt that Golschmann and his summer festival group quite approach the qualities of the early performances of the Symphony by Koussevitzky-Boston or Mitropoulos-N.Y. (my own memory failing to supply the multiple details), the immediate impact is strong enough to bridge the twenty-year gap with arresting force, as well as standing on its own merits. I think the instrumental and choral effects of the work need and deserve the stereo treatment achieved by Vanguard, especially the piquant or buoyant flinging to and fro of male and female utterances.

IBERT: *Divertissement*; **BIZET:** *Jeux d'Enfants*; **SAINT-SAËNS:** *Le Rouet d'Omphale*; *Danse macabre*; Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Jean Martinon. London Stereo CS-6200, \$5.98.

⑧OCCASIONALLY a release comes along that, for sheer high spirits, completely charms and disarms. This is one such. The Ibert, while not lacking in recordings, has remained an unfamiliar work to the general public. It is hard to understand how it has failed to reach the status of *Bolero* and *Gayne*, possessing as it does a rollicking vulgarity, irrepressible good

humor, and a distillation of all that the non-French public imagines to be French. The final *Galop*, with its giddy police whistles, is more fun than anything I can think of at the moment. The performance, it is good to say, is one of incredible vivacity and precision, and the sound is extraordinary even for London, to whom the sonically extraordinary has become routine. The Bizet is only slightly less impressive, but the *Danse macabre* sounds somewhat less than macabre in such jolly surroundings. In sum, however, a brilliantly successful presentation of thoroughly delightful music.

—R.J.

MOZART: *Four Horn Concerti—No. 1 in D, K. 412; No. 2 in E flat, K. 417; No. 3 in E flat, K. 447; No. 4 in E flat, K. 495;* Albert Linder (horn); Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Hans Swarowsky. Vanguard VRS-1069, \$4.98, or Stereo VSD-2092, \$5.95.

Brain, Karajan. Angel 35092

§THE recorded standard for these works is so high that most collectors may unjustly ignore this latest release. If I had not received this record for review, I may very well not have bothered to listen to it. Fortunately, I have now heard it several times and feel somewhat ashamed of my no longer reasonable prejudice in favor of Brain and Karajan. My affection for the older version has not been diminished; but this new release is artistically a powerful contender and sonically superior in all respects. Linder is very much the kind of phenomenal musician that Brain was. His tone is magnificently rich and beautiful, very slightly more open and brassy than Brain's, and while employing a slightly more restricted dynamic range than his predecessor, Linder makes each of these concerti as varied as the form will allow. Swarowsky confirms my longstanding suspicion that he is a far more perceptive conductor than his under-rehearsed early LP recordings indicated. His contribution is lively and controlled, and the snappy orchestra is heard more clearly than Angel's. Those who do not as yet own performances of these works are unqualifiedly advised to hear this record and not consider the Angel as the only possible choice. Vanguard's stereo sound is superb. —H.G.

•
MOZART: *Symphony No. 25 in G minor, K. 183; Symphony No. 36 in C, K. 425 ("Linz"); "Pro Musica Orchestra"* conducted by Otto Klemperer. Vox PL-11820, \$4.98. **MOZART:** *Serenade in G, K. 525 ("Eine kleine Nachtmusik");* **BEETHOVEN:** *Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67; the same.* Vox PL-11870, \$4.98.

▲IT is understandable why Vox would want to keep alive its small catalogue of Klemperer recordings, but let nobody be of the impression that these performances

are new, or that they are in any way representative of the conductor's present attitudes toward this repertoire. Contrasting the tight and hasty run-through of K. 183 here enshrined with the nobly eloquent later Angel recording makes for quite a study in the enormous change in Klemperer's outlook in the past few years. On the other hand, I find his earlier version of the Beethoven Fifth more to my taste than the later Angel, more dramatic and infinitely better-paced. Neither version, however, challenges the London-Kleiber, which remains through the years a beacon and a challenge to one and all.

The recordings date from the early 1950s, at a time when the Vienna Symphony, under countless *noms-de-disque*, seemed to be recording day and night under practically every conductor who could afford the carfare to the Musikverein or Konzerthaus. The effects of this regimen are apparent here; the orchestra sounds tired and toneless, and the incredible amount of slipshod playing attests to the haste in which recordings were turned out in those days. The remastering does all that can be done for the sound, but the strange imbalances that characterized most of the Vox-Vienna recordings from that time—undue prominence of winds, string tone that comes and goes like a shortwave broadcast—remain. The labels on the Mozart record are bollixed; they give the wrong title, but the correct timing, for each side. —A.R.

•
OKEGHEM: *Motets, "Prennez sur moi"; "Intermerata Dei Mater"; "Ut heremita solus";* **JOSQUIN DES PRÉS:** *Missa Hercules dux Ferrariae;* Ensemble Instrumental et Vocal Roger Blanchard directed by Roger Blanchard. Music Guild Stereo S-7, \$6.50 (by subscription only).

§THIS album is one of the first offered by a new company, on a mail membership basis. The individual records come in large albums, with notes, though the wrapper for the disc itself is needlessly flimsy at the asking price, and the releases of this series received so far came to me with absolutely filthy surfaces, which

may or may not have affected their not unflawed quality. As with a number of their selections, this particular record originated from the co-operative auspices of L'Association Européenne du Disque. It was issued in France by Le Club Français du Disque, and in England by The Record Society. Actually, the record offers two sides drawn from two separate discs originally devoted to the respective composers. Of the Ockeghem pieces the first and third are performed on instruments. Though not named here, the performers are as follows: Robert Casier, oboe d'amore; André Français, English horn; Gérard Faisandier and André Delhemmes, bassoons. As for the vocalists, they are Sylvaine Gilma, soprano; Geneviève Macaux, mezzo-soprano; Jean Archimbaud, "male soprano" (a polite understatement for an extraordinary *haute-contre*); Bernard Gillet, Jean-Jacques Lesueur, and Yves Tessier, tenors; Jean Cussac, Alexandra Jottras, and Michel Rechez, basses. One would think that the small size of the group, combined with stereo directionality, would greatly contribute to clarity. Unfortunately, however, clarity is not the characteristic of these performances. So small a group is not a guarantee of either clarity or authenticity. These singers are allowed far more vibrato than is either proper or safe for this music. The result is a fuzziness of pitch and a blurring of lines which are nearly fatal to the music. (Surprisingly, no instruments are used with the singers.) Blanchard's leadership is not very compelling, and the stereo sound lacks precise realism. The ensuing weakness of performance is disappointing, for the Josquin is a fine work which deserves an adequate representation. (It was written while the composer was in the service of Duke Ercole d'Este of Ferrara, and its title derives from the use of a solmization of the Latin form of his name as a *cantus firmus*.) Indeed, far more successful is a performance, a *cappella*, by an obscure California group called the Berkeley Chamber Singers, under one Donald Aird, on the difficult-to-track-down Music Library label (7075). This group gives a surprisingly vigorous and clear performance that is in

July, 1961

WORLD PREMIERE!



FRANCIS POULENC

gloria
for SOPRANO, CHOIR
AND ORCHESTRA
ROSANNA CARTERI

CONCERTO
for ORGAN,
STRINGS
AND TIMPANI
MAURICE DURUFLÉ
ORGANIST

FRENCH NATIONAL RADIO AND TELEVISION ORCHESTRA
GEORGES PRÉTRE
CONDUCTOR

(S) 35953

gloria

An exciting new choral work recorded under the composer's personal supervision.

Also—the long awaited hi fi and stereo "first" of the Poulenc favorite, CONCERTO FOR ORGAN, STRINGS AND TIMPANI

AVAILABLE NOW ON



many ways more satisfying than Blanchard's. A less satisfying version by still another group has long been promised for release by Vanguard, and is presently available by import on an expensive Lumen disc (AMS-4; see ARG, March, 1961, pp. 558-60). And Ockeghem, too, is still badly in need of a really sympathetic presentation of his sacred music. Here, only the instrumental pieces will be found really enjoyable. The accompanying notes are partially drawn from those of The Record Society, but omit the Ockeghem text which the latter included. —J.W.B.

RAMEAU: *Six concerts en sextuor*; Chamber Orchestra of Toulouse conducted by Louis Auriacombe. Music Guild Stereo S-4, \$6.50 (by subscription only).

(S) THESE *concerts* are interesting arrangements of arrangements. Rameau himself adapted a number of his own harpsichord pieces into fine little suites for flute (or violin), cello, and harpsichord, called *Pièces de clavecin en concert*. During his lifetime and apparently with his approval, the suites were expanded for string ensemble, with a sixth newly created from additional harpsichord pieces by Rameau. The results are a diverting and significant contribution to the 18th-century instrumental literature. They have been recorded three times before. Two versions were made by the Hewitt Chamber Orchestra for the French company, Disco-philles Français; the first of these was made available in this country by Vox (PL-6680); and the second by the old Haydn Society (HSL-99). Both American releases were short-lived and are now, needless to say, out of print. Even more regrettable was the deletion of the third recording of the sequence, under Louis de Froment, as the last record (OL-50084) of Oiseau-Lyre's superb album of Rameau's complete instrumental music. But as perceptive as were Froment's interpretations in many ways, they were hampered by a quality of heaviness which was at least partly the fault of a terribly deadish recording sound. Such faults are happily not the case with this new version—avail-

able by mail-order membership only. These performers play with refined skill; they understand the music and project every trill and grace note with delicacy. They are aided, moreover, by good stereo sound, which helps differentiate the parts clearly. This release is, in all, a distinguished contribution by this new company. —J.W.B.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "*The Legend of the Invisible City of Kitezh and the Maiden Fevronia*"; I. Petrov (Prince Yuri); V. Ivanovsky (Prince Vsevolod); N. Rozhdestvenskaya (Fevronia); D. Tarkhov (Grishka); etc.; USSR Radio Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Vassily Nebolsin. MK set 209D, eight sides, \$23.92 (Artia import).

▲ PERHAPS the kindest comment I can summon for this tinselled farrago is that I may have missed the point of it all. Sometimes I wonder if even Russian fairies can get the point of a Russian fairy tale. All this aside, however, I find only one thing really impressive in this 2½-hour study of the condition of Rimsky's mind c. 1907: the incredible arrogance of a composer who will undertake to make so little musical substance carry the burden of so much plot. Certainly there are gorgeous things to hear now and then; great virtuoso splashes of orchestral color, remarkable depictions of forest sounds, mists, and the far-off clash of armies. But the paucity of melodic invention, the constant falling-back on the most limited vocabulary of formulas and turns-of-phrase, the endless jingling repetition of empty platitudes! Not even in the darkest instances of his tampering with the scores of his betters is the smallness of Rimsky's vision more clearly demonstrated than it is in this pretty but wretchedly inept pageant.

The stars of this performance are the magnificent orchestra and chorus under their extremely able conductor and—surprise!—the Russian engineers who have captured it all so well. The Fevronia, who never seems to tire of her one musical phrase, has one of those voices with one kind of vibrato and that too wide; she is

pleasant for the first few minutes, but terribly tiresome as her limited dramatic impulse becomes apparent. None of the men are particularly kind to the ear, either; the Grishka seems to confuse madness with a kind of reedy petulance, and the Vsevolod is afflicted with a vibrato that seems to encompass several notes at once. My colleague H.G. has written an excellent exegesis in lieu of the complete text, and an informative study of the composer and his world; I admire his patience and the breadth of his sympathy, but I fear that his cause is lost. —A.R.

SCHUBERT: *Trio No. 2 in E flat, Op. 100*; The Alma Trio. Decca DL-10033, \$4.98, or Stereo DL-710033, \$5.98.

Busch-Serkin Trio. Angel COLH-43
 SEVERAL months ago I gave an ecstatic report on Angel's re-release of the long-famous Busch-Serkin version of this trio. It would seem that another performance coming so soon after would be a major letdown, but such is by no means the case. The Alma Trio has long been absent from records, and I hope that they are back to stay. Their interpretation here is magnificently strong and lyrical, broader, more intense and brooding—different from rather than better or worse—than Busch-Serkin. Large as the conception is, there is never a moment of heaviness and all the glories of the music are projected with, for want of a better expression, perfection. These players are able to give us Schubert's lightning alternations of crushing strength and what Schumann called "feminine" grace in the most completely natural fashion. Their music-making flows with power and effortlessness. The by now very trite and still somewhat recondite word "style" is descriptive of what these players possess in limitless abundance; and fortunately it is in partnership with supreme technical facility—on the part of the engineers as well, for they have provided this wonderful interpretation with remarkably lifelike sound, strong and clear, yet intimate, as chamber music should be. Without, I hope, slighting the excellences of Wilk and Rejto, I cannot help being in awe

July, 1961

QUINQUE EX VOCE FIVE NEW VOX BOXES

Each a 3-record,
\$14.94 value for \$7.95



MOZART

Piano Concerti VBX 112
 Concerti 9, 11, 12, 13, 14,
 15. Volume III of the complete Mozart piano concerti on Vox.

NOVAES • HAEBLER
 GILBERG

CORELLI

Trio Sonatas VBX 36
 Opus 3 & 4

Volume II of the complete Corelli music on Vox. Performed by the Musicorum Arcadia.



VIVALDI

"La Stravaganza" VBX 31
 Reinhold Barchet, violin,
 with the Pro Musica
 Orch., Stuttgart, cond. by
 Rolf Reinhardt.

VIVALDI

18 Flute Concerti
 (Complete) VBX 33

Gastone Tassinari, flute,
 with I Musici Virtuosi di
 Milano.



BEETHOVEN

String Quartets Stereo SVBX 516,
 Mono VBX 16
 Opus 18

Volume I of the complete Beethoven String Quartets on Vox. Performed by the Endres Quartet. Stereo same price as mono.



WRITE FOR
 FREE CATALOGUE
 VOX Productions, Inc.
 Dept. A-7, 236 W. 55th St.
 N.Y. 19, N.Y.

of the sensitivity and dexterity of Adolph Baller, who remains one of the very few masters of this repertory we have. He is a giant even beside Serkin. Having just put the final movement on the phonograph again, I am tempted to say that I prefer it to the Angel; but I won't. I own both versions and will leave the odious decision of which is better to those who can afford only one of them. I hope that Decca and Messrs. Baller, Wilk, and Rejto will not let us wait too long for Schubert's Op. 99, to name only one work out of a few dozen they could probably do more with than any comparable group in existence. —H.G.

■
SCHÜTZ: "Kleine geistliche Konzerte":

Ich hab mein Sach Gott heimgestellt; Ist Gott für uns; Wer will uns scheiden; Die Seele Christi heilige mich; Ihr Heiligen lobsinget dem Herrn; Himmel und Erde vergehen; Ich liege und schlafe; Meister, wir haben die ganze Nacht gearbeitet; "Symphoniae sacrae"; Jubilate Deo omnis terra; Hütet euch; O quam tu pulchra es; Veni de Libano; Herta Flebbe, Rotraud Pax (sopranos); Frauke Haasemann (alto); Wilhelm Kaiser, Wilfried Kastrop, Helmut Krebs (tenors); Roland Kunz (baritone); Paul Gummer, Johannes Kortendieck (basses); instrumental soloists and ensemble, Westfälische Kantorei, directed by Wilhelm Ehmman. Cantate CAN-11-10, \$5.98.

▲THERE have been only three previous records devoted entirely to Schütz' music in these categories. An early disc on the defunct REB label (10) containing good performances of eight of the *Kleine geistliche Konzerte* is unfortunately long out of print. An old Westminster one (originally WL-5043, reissued as XWN-18588) offers the wonderful Hugues Cuénod and a fine instrumental ensemble in four each of the *K.g.K.* and *Symphoniae sacrae*; these performances are still beautiful and satisfying, save for the stylistic inadequacy of the use of a harpsichord as the continuo instrument instead of the more proper organ. The other record is a program recorded under Robert Craft for Columbia (MS-6088;

mono, ML-5411), which includes, among other things, five of the *S.s.*; but these performances are true more to the letter than to the spirit of the composer and his music, and leave a good deal to be desired stylistically. Of the other scattered representation, the only ones worth noting are Max Meili's performances of two *S.s.* on the fourth side of a Bach Guild Schütz album (BG-519/20), and another *S.s.* beautifully performed by a Danish group including Aksel Schiøtz in the out-of-print Haydn Society "Masterpieces of Music Before 1750" Vol II (originally HSL-2072, briefly reissued as HS-9039). It is satisfying, therefore, to turn to this newly imported Cantate disc, comprising a rich trove of almost an hour's worth of this wonderful music. The choice is representative and tasteful; and I cannot recall having encountered any of these specific pieces elsewhere on records. Outstanding among them are the long and complex *Ich hab mein Sach Gott heimgestellt*, the only piece in the program which calls for chorus; and the *Jubilate Deo*, with its delicious pair of recorders. The vocal soloists vary in quality from good to indifferent (the contralto sounds irritatingly like a worn-out Alfred Deller), but if their vocalism often lacks a certain polish or enthusiasm they all generally display a good sense of style. The chorus plays its brief role earnestly. In sum, if these performances are not so nearly perfect as one might like, they are at least reasonably good. In view of the inescapable beauties of this wonderful music they are more than welcome. By all means this record deserves investigation. Full texts, with English and French translations, are included. —J.W.B.

■
SCHUMANN: *Carnaval; Kreisleriana; Toccata*. György Sándor (piano). Vox PL-11.630, \$4.98.

▲THE most impressive thing on this disc is certainly the *Toccata*, a brutally difficult piece. The Sándor performance is absolutely electrifying in its virtuosic impact and can be recommended unreservedly. The *Carnaval* is less successful. It requires great variety of tone and strong rhythmical underpinnings beneath its

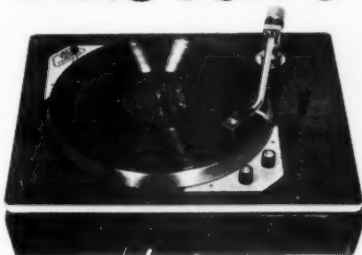
flexible phrasing, and flexible phrasing it has, but not the tone color nor the underlying rhythmical strength. I wish, too, that I could discover the system behind the repeats or lack of repeats as Sándor plays them. Neither the Bischoff, nor the Schirmer, nor the Litoff edition solves the problem of why some repeats are taken, others not, and why sometimes repeats are taken where none are indicated. *Kreisleriana* seems to present less of a problem, however. Sándor plays it with beauty, taste, excellently considered legato, and great warmth. All in all, as fine a performance as I know. As for the *Carnaval*, I prefer the Novaes performance, also on Vox. The sound is good, if lacking in presence, and the surfaces are excellent.

—R.J.

R. STRAUSS: *Verführung*, Op. 33, No. 1; *Gesang der Apollopriesterin*, Op. 33, No. 2; "*Elektra*"—*Allein! Weh, ganz allein; Was bluten muss?*; *Orest!*; "*Die Agyptische Helena*"—*Er ist auferlegt; Zweite Brautnacht; "Salome"*—*Ach! du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund*; Rose Pauly (soprano) with orchestra. International Record Collectors' Club L-7018 (318 Reservoir Ave., Bridgeport 6, Conn.), \$5.50 postpaid in continental United States.

▲SO far as New York was concerned Rose Pauly was a one-role singer, though she did sing Carmen at the Lewisohn Stadium, and if memory serves she did sing an Ortrud at the Metropolitan, and there were reports of a Salome in Chicago. I remember a recital she gave, but it had nothing like the impact of her *Elektra*. Indeed, until the coming of Inge Borkh there has never been an *Elektra* in my time to challenge the memory of Pauly. The circumstances of her coming to America were dramatic and exciting. Rodzinski was giving a concert performance of the Strauss drama with the Philharmonic, and in the title role was to be Gertrud Kappel, a fine Wagnerian who had sung it with not too great success in the first Metropolitan production a few years earlier. Kappel became sick and Pauly was imported from Vienna to take her place. This debut was on the evening of March 18, 1937.

THE BETTER WAY TO PLAY STEREO RECORDS



Here in one integrated grouping is the new and better way to play stereo records. Quality is typically Fairchild...superior in every detail... your assurance that you are using the finest professional audio components.

The units shown above include the Model 440 two speed turntable, the 440 CBW base and the exciting, new 500 Arm-Transport with patented Anti-Skating action plus the SM-2 Linear Separation Stereo Cartridge. Cost as shown totals \$144.90. Ask your dealer to quote on individual components if you prefer.

FAIRCHILD

FAIRCHILD RECORDING EQUIPMENT CORP.,
10-40 45th Ave., L.I.C., N.Y.



free!

Pickering's TECH-SPECS...a handy pocket-sized guide that helps you plan your stereo hi-fi system for space...from pickup to enclosure. Send for your copy today—address Dept. S-71

Pickering & Co., Inc.
Plainview, New York

Of all the performances the opera has had in New York this one, without scenery or planned action, was the most dramatic. Pauly sang at first with her huge score open, but as she worked into her role she closed the volume and presently put it on the chair behind her. Her scene with Enid Szantho as Klytemnestra was hair-raising, for the two women went at each other like angry dogs. And so it went through the evening. Pauly was established in America, and the following year the Metropolitan brought her back for a revival of "*Elektra*". She remained three seasons. I suspect the "*Elektra*" scenes on this disc may have been taken from the broadcast of that well-remembered Philharmonic performance. They are technically weak, but not so much so as to hide the rare qualities of the singer.

Her voice was not the most sensuous in memory, but it had a haunting quality; her dwelling on the word *Orest* lingers after all the time that has passed. Here we have it again, and it is perfectly clear why we, the fortunate audience, found it so arresting. The long scene from the end of "*Salome*" makes me regret not having heard Pauly in that role, and the two rarely heard Strauss songs are well within her grasp. These are big pieces, brilliantly orchestrated. There can be little question that Rose Pauly was a Strauss singer *par excellence*, and one can easily believe her testimony that the composer admired her. The transfers on this disc have been made from difficult originals: it is no mean achievement to have made the various selections sound as well as they do. —P.L.M.

Three Straussians in stereo A Guest Review By GUNTER KOSSODO

I WILL never forget my disappointment upon hearing Strauss conduct his *Don Juan*. I was very young then and might not have been the best judge, but the performance seemed to be as cool and uninvolved as possible. On the other hand, Strauss was not the kind of composer who believed in only one correct way to play his music. More than one conductor had

Strauss' personal assurance of being the best interpreter of his works.

Speaking of interpretation is really a very subtle task, especially in relationship to scores as clearly written as Strauss' tone poems. It is not so much the differences of tempi and dynamics that count, but the spirit which provokes them. Take for instance the performances of *Don Juan* by Karajan and Jochum. This composition, based on a poem by Lenau, expresses the romantic conception of the Don—not the careless, life-loving rake, but the desperate seeker for the perfect woman.

Karajan, as usual, adapts the score to his own personal style. His Don is all brains and virtuosity, has brilliance, demonic elegance, and icy fascination. Every effect has been carefully calculated. There is little difference in tempi between the fast and slow portions, with the result that the whole emerges as a unit. In other words, Karajan does not tell a story in separate chapters, but gives a total characterization.

Jochum is less personal. He tries to adapt himself to the score and herein lies the difference. He puts more emphasis on contrasts and goes in more for details.

R. STRAUSS: *Don Juan*, Op. 20; *Till Eulenspiegel*, Op. 28; "*Der Rosenkavalier*"—First and Second Sequence of Waltzes; Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam conducted by Eugen Jochum. Epic Stereo BC-1127, \$5.98.

R. STRAUSS: *Don Juan*; **TCHAIKOVSKY:** *Roméo and Juliet*; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert von Karajan. London Stereo CS-6209, \$2.98 (special price).

R. STRAUSS: *Till Eulenspiegel*; "*Salome*"—*Salome's Dance*; *Interludes from "Die Frau ohne Schatten"* (arr. Leinsdorf); Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. Capitol Stereo SP-8545, \$5.98.

(*Don Juan*, *Till*)
Furtwängler, Vienna Phil. Electrola 90093
Krauss, Vienna Phil. Richmond 19043

This performance is very much like his previous one for Epic (LC-3032). My preference, however, is for the Karajan disc. It has more power and, especially in the opening passage, is rhythmically better defined.

Oddly enough, what is an asset in Karajan's *Don Juan* turns out to be a weakness in his *Romeo and Juliet*. Here the calculated approach does not work. After all, this music is as far removed from Shakespeare's spirit as Gounod's "*Faust*" is from Goethe's, and intellectual considerations are out of place. The playing of the Vienna Philharmonic is beautiful, the stereo sound very good, but when you come to the climax where the love theme should sweep you away, you feel let down. Is there a fear of getting corny? Tchaikovsky has been done and overdone so often that a fear of this kind is understandable. On the other hand, I think that this is the type of music you must believe in for better or worse if you are going to perform it.

The main interest in Leinsdorf's recording lies in the interludes from "*Die Frau ohne Schatten*." Except for the complete recording of the opera, it provides the most extensive presentation of this very heavily orchestrated score, which seems to be especially made for stereo sound. The interludes are not in the same sequence as heard in the opera, but otherwise the music has not been changed.

On the other side of the record, Leinsdorf gives a very muscular and athletic performance of *Till Eulenspiegel* and "Salome's Dance". There are many more contrasts in Jochum's *Till Eulenspiegel*; He plays the lyric parts for all they are worth and captures interest by telling the story in all its aspects. The execution scene is not as strong as it could be, but in the coda, if I may call it that, Jochum creates a true fairy tale-like quality.

The rest of the Epic release is filled with the two sequences of "*Rosenkavalier*" Waltzes and is altogether a very satisfactory disc, with clearly defined stereo. The only puzzling thing is that Epic's engineers seem incapable of reproducing the sweet sound of the Concertgebouw string section the way I heard it last season in Carnegie

This is a laughing matter

In the last few years, young bright new comedians have burgeoned on records—Shelley Berman, Lennie Bruce, Bob Newhart, Mort Sahl, Tom Lehrer, to name some. Their fresh, new brand of humor—sophisticated and often "sick"—is fast replacing parlor games as a source of entertainment for social evenings at home. What's new in this field on records? Simple—just refer to the *latest* monthly issue of the "Schwann Long Playing Catalog." If you haven't got the latest issue, better hurry to your record dealer's and get it—if you want to have the last laugh.

Quality Control at AR

The frequency response of every AR speaker is checked in an anechoic chamber before it is shipped. (Many other tests, of course, are also made.) Acoustic Research is one of the very few companies in the history of loudspeaker manufacturing, so far as we know, that have followed this rigorous practice.



Hall. On records, it is always sharp and dry in comparison.

All three releases, then, are worthy of some attention, especially for the stereo buyer. As for *Don Juan* and *Till Eulenspiegel*, my personal choice is still divided between the full-blooded Furtwängler and the sophisticated, lucid readings of Krauss.

Gunter Kossodo holds a doctorate in mathematics from the University of Lausanne, but he is better known to New York discophiles as an especially knowledgeable record dealer—one of those useful ones who really know what they are selling.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "*Pique Dame*"; George Nelepp (Herman), Eugenie Smolenskaya (Lisa), Paul Lisititsian (Yeletsky), Andrei Ivanov (Tomsy), Eugenia Verbitskaya (Countess), Veronica Borisenko (Polina), other vocal artists, chorus and orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre conducted by Alexei Melik-Pashayev. MK set MK-207C, six sides, \$14.98 (Artia import).

▲ THIS is a reissue of the long-withdrawn Concert Hall set, which must have introduced many listeners to the considerable delights of Tchaikovsky's last work for the lyric theater. It is good to have it available once more, for the MK set sounds a bit better than the earlier issue, and it is far superior as a performance to the Yugoslav entry on London. It has vigor and dramatic color which the opera desperately needs to sustain the attention of one who cannot enjoy the many episodes of stage spectacle. It is these episodes, indeed, which, however enjoyable they may be for their own sake, slow down the drama. This performance is modeled with a firm hand by conductor Melik-Pashayev; and while Nelepp and Smolenskaya are typical of what must be endured in Russian tenors and sopranos, they and the other members of the cast let us know who they are playing in no uncertain terms. Well, perhaps not Verbitskaya, who could sound older with profit. The chorus is vibrant, and the playing of the orchestra is precise and animated if not especially ingratiating to the ear.

—C.J.L.

TCHAIKOVSKY: "*Manfred*" Symphony, Op. 58 (complete); "*The Tempest*", Symphonic Fantasy after Shakespeare, Op. 18. USSR State Symphony Orchestra conducted by Nathan Rakhlin. MK set 208-B, four sides, (mono only), \$11.96. (Artia import).

▲ IN reviewing the recent abridged recording of *Manfred* by Goossens (Everest 6035 and S3035; see ARG for April, 1960), I deplored the cuts, and commended the Rakhlin version on Westminster as technically comparable and artistically superior. Almost before my review had appeared, however, the Westminster was deleted from the catalogue; so I am especially happy to welcome it back now, this time in the Russian pressings as labeled for export. Though I still feel that stereo is eminently desirable for the enhancement of this hour-long symphony uncut, I would say of MK, in the words of the old popular song, "until the day that one comes along, I'll string along with you."

Those who own the Westminster should congratulate themselves on acquiring a superb technical achievement at a real bargain. Direct comparison with MK's three-sided pressing reveals that the excellent values of the original taping were caught with astonishing fidelity on W's two sides—without even breaking the continuity of a movement! (MK's volume level is considerably higher.) Thus I would emphasize that the relative extravagance of the MK is compensated more by the inclusion of *The Tempest* than by technical advantages.

This Shakespearean fantasy of 1873 has already come and gone twice on Capitol-EMI (Fistoulari, Sargent), so here we have the only currently available version of it, as well as the first exportation (as far as I can discover) of this idiomatic reading by Rakhlin and the Muscovites. It is one of those "almost but not quite" works, of a caliber ranging from a marvelous F minor seascape with something of the mystic quality of Bruckner or Hovhanness' *Mysterious Mountain*, to a love theme of unbelievable homeliness that seems to have engendered Nino Rota's *La Strada* tune.

—J.D.

Two versions of the Vaughan Williams Mass

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Mass in G minor*; **J. S. BACH:** *Cantata No. 4, "Christ lag in Todesbanden"*; The Roger Wagner Chorale, with Doralene McNelly (soprano), Alice Ann Yates (alto), Michael Carolan (tenor), Charles Scharbach (bass) and Paul Salamunovich (cantor) (in the Vaughan Williams), and with The Concert Arts Orchestra (in the Bach). Capitol P-8535, \$4.98, or Stereo SP-8535, \$5.98.

(Vaughan Williams)
Veld, Augustana Choir.....Word W-4012
(Bach)
Shaw Chorale, RCA Victor Orch.
Victor LM/LSC-2273

THE subjugation of his distinct musical personality to a new way of composing modally in Vaughan Williams' great *Mass in G minor* has caused critics to refer to it, not unkindly but rather misleadingly, as "impersonal". This adjective suggests a lack of involvement impossible to a composer with the late Englishman's personal *mystique*. It is rather that Vaughan Williams here eschews those of his characteristics that are easily discerned for those that are hidden—from congregations if not from theoreticians.

For this is a service mass (as opposed to one for concert use, such as Bach's B Minor), and was composed for his friend Sir Richard Terry in Westminster Cathedral. It was inevitable that its words later be translated for use in the Anglican Church, thus echoing the English tradition of interchange between Roman and Anglican going back to Byrd. Another Elizabethan convention, by the way, that Vaughan Williams employs herein as an integral part of the music is that of "cross relation"—the immediate canceling out of a sharp or flat by another instead of the same part, which is forbidden in strict classical four-part harmony.

The 150 voices of the extended Roger Wagner Chorale sing this work for double-chorus with matchless control, and their polish and antiphony is a natural for stereo separation and sheen. Thus,

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Mass in G minor*; Michael Wells (soprano), John Whitworth (alto), Gerald English (tenor), Maurice Bevan (bass), The Choristers of Canterbury Cathedral and The Renaissance Singers conducted by Dr. Sidney Campbell. **BRITTEN:** *A Ceremony of Carols, Op. 28*; Mark Elder, James Finch (trebles), Maria Korchinska (harp), The Choristers of Canterbury Cathedral conducted by Dr. Campbell. Recorded at Canterbury. Argo RG-179, or Stereo ZRG-5179, 39s. 9d., on import only.

THERE is a remarkable dissimilarity in effect between this Argo recording from Canterbury Cathedral and the one by the Wagner Chorale reviewed nearby—a difference which becomes truly astonishing in stereo. For in the latter case, stereo is used to make the already close-up sounds still more immediate and vivid, while in the former it is used to enhance the feeling of distance and remoteness. It is the liturgical *vs.* the dramatic approach with a vengeance, and of uncommon interest owing to the excellence of both performances.

The starting point for such divergence is the deliberately equivocal manner of the work itself. Vaughan Williams was especially concerned over the liturgical

(Continued on page 880)

the exceptional reading by the Augustana Choir (70 voices) under Henry Veld is displaced mainly by the more modern type of engineering. Also, Veld uses his choir throughout, instead of the soloists prescribed for certain portions, and this lessens the contrast and dramatic impact. The choice is again fortified by Wagner's soloists, all of whom are first-rate, completely in the music and of that "whiteness" so desirable in liturgical singing.

In the Bach cantata, Wagner features considerably slower tempi than what might be called "modern German usage", but so fervent is the result that they seem quite feasible.

—J.B.L.

propriety of this his only Mass, and anxiously submitted it to Terry at Westminster Cathedral for his appraisal. At the same time it is, as Frank Howes points out, the vocal counterpart "in spirit, style, and Elizabethan inspiration" to his antiphonal *Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis*: one for string quartet and double string orchestra, the other for vocal quartet and double chorus *a cappella*. The Mass contains, in truth, as much antiphony in block harmonies as pure polyphony.

Now Scherchen has quite rightly stated in *The Nature of Music* that all harmony is basically sensuous (Stravinsky's tenets to the contrary), and here the more strongly harmonic the texture, the more strongly does the spirit of Renaissance humanism vie with that of medieval theology. But indeed the whole work is full of such antitheses. It is strictly modal (not minor, despite its published title, but a synthesis of Dorian and Mixolydian like the opening of his "Pastoral" Symphony), yet full of "false relationships" and classic-romantic modulations, such as the dominant pull of the *Kyrie-Christe* sequence in the Dorian mode.

The extraordinary beauty and originality of the work shaped by these converging forces have been universally observed and admired. Whether, as in the case of Bruckner's E minor Mass, such beauty can be liturgically proprietous at the same time, as their composers plainly wished, is quite outside the province of musical criticism, I am grateful to say. What is musically pertinent is the very observable difference of emphasis in these recordings—both quite legitimate from an aesthetic view. In the Campbell performance we have the predominance of white tone, including the use of boys for the soprano and alto solos. Note, for instance, the depersonalized effect of Master Welles' "Quoniam", entering upon the "*Miserere nobis*" of the choruses with the piercing purity of a distant trumpet (not so easy to blend in the ensemble). Thus the spirit of plainchant is more explicitly evoked within the stylistic amalgam, while the choirs remain more disembodied in tone than the Wagner

singers, with little of the emergent solidity of tenor and bass lines that characterizes the latter. Of the two separate choruses employed at Canterbury, the regular Cathedral choir certainly uses boys instead of women, while the group known as The Renaissance Singers, whose regular conductor is Michael Howard, has also used boys in certain recordings to augment or replace its female contingent, and may do so here. But the distance and over-resonance of the pickup makes it impossible to be sure, so it wouldn't have made much difference. (Howard supplies the album notes himself, but makes no mention of the matter.) The Wagner Chorale employs women throughout.

It is stereo, as I said, that most of all gives the listener a feeling of close participation in the unfolding drama of the Wagner version, and confirms the other as a more passive congregational experience. Listen to the lateral interplay of the Wagner choirs from "*Laudamus te*" to "*Filius patris*" in the *Gloria*, followed by the deep, softly encompassing sonorities of both together on "*Miserere nobis*", and you will feel this close involvement very tangibly. Or hear how, entering a voice at a time in alternating choirs on "*Pleni sunt coeli*", the Wagner forces literally fill "the heavens and the earth with Thy glory"—at a more sprightly tempo. Perhaps one chorus with women, responding to another with boys, would have been just the thing to make the Capitol recording even more dynamic, and there certainly would be no question which was which. Of the lack of clear antiphonal opposition in Argo's stereo pressing, a British reviewer remarked that it was not surprising, since the antiphonies are notated almost without exception in uniform dynamics. That "since" is utterly *non sequitur*: if directionality does not have its most basic identifying function and greatest justification right there, then stereo might as well be given back to trains and racing cars! The emphasis on longitudinal effect at the expense of this music's extremely lateral propensity *may* be justified, but not by such fuzzy and forced logic as that.

On the reverse side, Britten's *Ceremony*

of Carols offers a sharper flavor of modern medievalism: old English (*Wolcum Yole!*, etc.) instead of Latin, but with a touch of the latter too in the Processional and Recessional (*Hodie Christus natus est*), and sprinkled about elsewhere. There is a certain influence of Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms", as the title suggests, especially in the final carol, with its bucking, syncopated scansion of "*Deo gracias*" and rhythmic patter of "Adam lay ibounden in a bond". The fact that the latter device has been done to death by Carl Orff does not spoil its freshness or terseness here. The harp accompaniment is one of the most original and effective ever conceived for the instrument.

The work is set for treble voices only (mostly in three parts), and here the Canterbury boys go it alone under Dr. Campbell. This time the comparative recording, on London 9146, was conducted by the composer himself, in 1953 with Wöldike's Copenhagen Boys' Choir. Even with boys' voices alone there is quite a difference in sound qualities. The smaller group under Britten, more inti-

mately recorded, captures all the ingenuous appeal of this piquant music. In the newer recording the larger ensemble and the longer period of resonance both act to blunt that special quality somewhat. It still gets far closer to the sound Britten evidently imagined than the adult performances I have heard, only lacking the other's wonderful immediacy. The close canons of *This Little Babe*, for example, are more distinct in London's mono sound than in Argo's stereo, owing to that slight blurring effect and the other differences.

The continuity of the work is aided by Argo's omission of dividing bands between each brief Noël—notably at the attack on *As Dew in Aprile*, whose effect is dissipated by London's engineering. On Argo, only the harp interlude is banded. In a startling departure, Campbell adds an extra syllable to "Wolcum", imparting a new iambic rhythm to the song. Masters Elder and Finch handle the smaller solo parts more euphoniously, although the unidentified Copenhagen soloists are rather nicely set off against

Mantovani's 2 Newest



Including Mantovani's spectacular arrangement of the theme from the biggest new hit on Broadway & other Broadway hit shows

Deluxe Package —full color photos of beautiful scenic Italy



Theme From Carnival; Till Tomorrow, "Fiorello"; Shall We Dance, "The King and I"; I Feel Pretty, "West Side Story"; You Are Beautiful, "Flower Drum Song"; Do Re Mi, "The Sound of Music"; My Heart Is So Full Of You, "The Most Happy Fella"; If Ever I Would Leave You, "Camelot"; others.

Stereo: PS 242

Mono: LL 3250

LONDON
RECORDS

ffss stereo

ffrr mono

Catari, Catari; Capriccio Italian; Italia Mia; Vissi d'Arte; Mattinata; Carnival of Venice; I Bersaglieri; Come Back To Sorrento; Return To Me; Nessun Dorma; Italian Fantasia Medley: Tarantella, O Sole Mio, A Frangosa, Santa Lucia, Maria, Mari, Funiculi, Funicula

Stereo: PS 232

Mono: LL 3239

each other: the first smoother, the second a bit harsh and astringent as he enters on "That yongē child when it gan weep", and tells of Mary's lullaby and the nightingale whose "song is hoarse and nought thereto". The harp tone in the central interlude is oddly thin, considering its effective sonority in the accompaniments, culminating in the full vibrancy of its final series of twelve *fff* plunging glissandos—a very exhilarating effect.

In one other respect the old mono recording, inferentially at least, is more dimensional than the new stereo. Under Britten, the Processional arrives and the Recessional departs, whereas Campbell's singers remain rooted to the spot. I have to wonder at this point whether the recording engineer bothered to explain stereo to him. Naturally the Processional would have to come from the two transepts (and *vice versa* at the end) for best effect, instead of from and to the back of the nave through the congregation as in the service, but the result should be very gratifying, beginning and ending with the maximum of both distance and separation. Here one can only remark, in Laertes' words: "What ceremony else?"

•
WAGNER: "*Die Walküre*"—Act I, Scene III; "*Die Götterdämmerung*"—*Daybreak*; Siegfried-Brünnhilde Duet (*Zu neuen Taten*); Siegfried's Rhine Journey; Lauritz Melchior (Siegfried), Helen Traubel (Sieglinde, Brünnhilde); NBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arturo Toscanini. RCA Victor LM-2452, \$4.98.

▲IT is heartening to see that RCA is once more digging around in its files for stimulating recorded performances of the past which have not been available commercially before; and with this Wagner release, they have come up with a fascinating recital—as fascinating for what it fails to accomplish in terms of successful Wagnerian performance as for the genuine and effective interpretation it contains. Toscanini is very much the dominant figure throughout, so much so that Melchiorphiles like myself, *i.e.*, blind to any

shortcomings he may have possessed, will resent it a bit. Fortunately, my adulation for the great *Heldentenor* also does not prevent me from hearing what is wrong here. Toscanini's conducting of the "*Walküre*" side is not nearly so fast as what I expected, and in the opening measures the slow tempo is thrillingly effective. But throughout the better part of the side Toscanini uses an approach which is near to the "recitative and aria" style of opera of an earlier age. It simply does not work for music as *durchkomponiert* as this: the dramatic scene loses its feeling of continuity and unity. When Melchior begins his solo culminating in *Winterstürme*, we hear magnificent Wagner. The singer is in superb voice, although he does not work with quite the freedom afforded him by Bruno Walter on the old, discontinued Victor LCT and LVT recording. Still, the music emerges with passion and splendor, for Toscanini has relented somewhat from his rigorous insistence on tension and allowed for a good deal of melodic flow. As concerns Traubel, she is clearly miscast. Her voice was of Brünnhilde quality—thick, lush, big; and she is able to give us but the minutest impression of the young, tender Sieglinde. Her singing is always excellent, but always wrong for the role. I have still not heard any singer comparable in this part to Lotte Lehmann on the great Walter set.

The "*Götterdämmerung*" is a different matter. Here Toscanini's approach—after a rather square *Daybreak*—fits the music. The moment Melchior and Traubel enter with their huge, thrilling voices in the soaring, passionate duet, the music takes on tremendous excitement. Traubel's wayward high C at end of the duet makes the scene even more passionately impressive. It seems to be a genuine expression of exultation rather than a technical slip. Toscanini then takes us on a furiously whipped-up Rhine Journey—a speedboat ride, if you will, but one that is irresistibly compelling. Humperdinck's concert ending is used. The 1941 sound is not very well defined—but it is not painful. —H.G.

Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE.

I enclose: \$4.50 for one year \$8 for two years \$10 for three years

(Pan America, add 25c a year; other foreign countries, add 50c a year)

Name Street Address

City Zone State

Mail to:

The American
Record Guide

P. O. Box 319
Radio City Station
New York 19, N. Y.

Year-Round Gift Subscription Rates

Do *all* your collector-friends read THE AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE? Why not enter gift subscriptions? You will know the satisfaction of having introduced them to the inner circle of America's most discerning and best informed musical audience. We will send appropriate cards announcing your gifts.

Initial One-Year Subscription, \$4.50

Each Additional Subscription, \$4.00

(Pan America, add 25c; other foreign countries, add 50c)

I enclose \$ Please enter subscriptions as follows:

Name Street Address

City Zone State

Name Street Address

City Zone State

Name Street Address

City Zone State

Donor Street Address

City Zone State

Mail to:

The American
Record Guide

P. O. Box 319
Radio City Station
New York 19, N. Y.

A SPECIAL OFFER



We are glad to make *Vocal Music* available to our readers at \$2 a copy, postpaid.

Written by our own senior critic, Philip L. Miller, this book surveys the fields of opera, oratorio, and song on LP. It was published in 1954 by Alfred A. Knopf at \$4.50, and has not been supplemented.

I enclose \$2. Please send *Vocal Music* to:

Name.....Street Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

MAIL TO: Post Office Box 319, Radio City Station, New York 19, N. Y.

Vocal Miscellany, Including Reissues

MÉHUL: "Joseph"—*Champs paternels*;
BERLIOZ: "Damnation de Faust"—*Nature immense*; **MEYERBEER:** "Africaine" — *O paradis*; **MASSENET:** "Manon"—*Le Rêve*; "Werther"—*Invocation: O nature, pleine de grace; Un autre est son époux. . . J'aurais sur ma poitrine; Pourquoi me réveiller*; **FEVERIER:** "Monna Vanna"—*Air de Prinzivalle*; **GLUCK:** "Orphée"—*J'ai perdu mon Euridice*; "Alceste"—*O moments délicieux. . . Bannis la crainte*; **GOUNOD:** "Roméo et Juliette"—*Salut! tombeau*; **MASSENET:** "Hérodiade"—*Adieu donc vains objets*; **SAINT-SAËNS:** "Samson et Dalila"—*Vois ma misère*; **BIZET:** "Carmen"—*Air de la Fleur*; **AUBER:** "La Muette de Portici"—*L'amour sacré* (with Tilkin Servais); Fernand Anseau (tenor) with orchestra. Rococo R-26, \$5.95.

▲ **ANSSEAU**, a Belgian, was the principal French tenor of the Chicago Opera in the twenties. His voice combined power and tonal sweetness somewhat in the manner of Dalmorès; his repertoire embraced both lyric and dramatic roles. I suspect he did not find it easy to record, for the voice sometimes sounds confined, and some of his best performances have dead spots. Perhaps he needed audience reaction to bring out his consistent best. Still, the sum total of his recordings is very impressive. His singing of Gluck and Méhul does not lack the classic line. The *allegro* section of the "Joseph" air is infused with drama. The lament from "Orphée" is a little slow in the French manner and a bit free rhythmically, but it is eloquent. The fine "Alceste" aria, apparently unpublished, would seem to date from around 1929. The recording is somewhat shallow for the period, but the singing is fine if not quite so four-

square as Georges Thill's. The various selections from "Werther" are admirable; *O nature* is an electric recording, the rest acoustic. This *Pourquoi me réveiller* recalls the powerful version of Clément. There is fine impassioned singing in the "Carmen" aria and in the lesser-known scene from "Hérodiade". Anseau's *O paradis* (which sounds especially good in the original French for a change) has a dreamy quality that sets it above any other recording I know. The "Samson et Dalila" aria, with chorus, is a rather weak acoustic recording; it suffers also from too fast tempo. I have admiration for the "Damnation" and "Romeo" numbers, but I find the patriotic duet from "La Muette de Portici" less exciting than Aubert's contemporaries seem to have done. The re-recording of these selections is not the clearest that has come from Rococo.

—P.L.M.

●
Church Anthems: *Psalm 150* (Franck); *There is a balm in Gilead* (arr. Dawson); *The Testament of Freedom—The God who gave us life* (Thompson); *Bless the Lord, o my soul* (Ippolitov-Ivanov); *Glory be to God* (Rachmaninoff-Gretchaninoff); *Hosanna* (Gregor-Curry); *O Lord most holy* (Franck) (Cadet Richard Daniel, tenor); *Take not Thy holy spirit from me* (Williams); *O come, ye servants of the Lord* (Tye); *Thou knowest, Lord* (Purcell); *Were you there?* (arr. Burleigh); *Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace* (Williams); *Onward, Christian soldiers* (Sullivan); The Cadet Chapel Choir, West Point, John A. Davis, conductor and organist. Vox Stereo STVX-425,980, \$4.98.

⑤ **IN** the very best sense of the word, the Cadet Choir is an amateur group. These are young men who periodically leave

DISCURIO offers you the finest specialized record service in Europe. English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Scandinavian LPs shipped to you direct at tax-free export prices. Call on us when in London, or write to us at 9 Shepherd Street, Mayfair, London W. 1, England. **American Express Credit Card Customers always welcome.**

MUSICIANS ★ LIBRARIANS ★ CONCERT ARTISTS ★ CHORAL SINGERS ★ JAZZ ENTHUSIASTS ★ COLLEGE AND CONSERVA- TORY STUDENTS ★ TRAVELERS ★ BAND LEADERS ★ CONDUCTORS ★ MANAGERS	<p>YOU SHOULD HAVE</p> <p>THE CALENDAR OF MUSIC ACTIVITIES IN THE UNITED STATES</p> <p>10,243 music events listed <input type="checkbox"/> in 580 cities. Price \$2.00 postpaid</p> <hr/> <p>THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC CALENDAR</p> <p>11,000 music events listed <input type="checkbox"/> in 100 foreign countries. Price \$2.00 postpaid</p> <hr/> <p>THE CALENDAR OF SUMMER MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES</p> <p>3500 music events in 602 <input type="checkbox"/> cities. Price \$1.50 postpaid</p> <p>Kindly Enclose Check With Order</p> <p>PRESIDENT'S MUSIC COMMITTEE</p> <p>734 Jackson Pl., Washington 6, D.C.</p>
---	--

gently automatic
GLASER ★ STEERS
GS★77
record changer

If you love music and value your records you will discover that "Turntable Pause" is only one of many exclusive GS-77 features designed to protect your records and preserve their quality. At hi-fi dealers \$59.50.



Glaser-Stears Corp., 161 Oraton St., Newark 4, N. J.
Please send details on Glaser-Stears GS-77 and GS-400 record changers.

name _____
address _____
city _____ zone _____ state _____

their military training behind for the pleasure and stimulation of singing together. Their repertory ranges from the fairly obvious, such as the spiritual arrangements, the very familiar *Panis Angelicus* of César Franck done into English, and the same composer's choir-loft staple, the *150th Psalm*, to the pieces of Purcell and Tye. The body of tone is full and ample, though the voices are obviously not overtrained, and the diction is clear if not too cultured. The soloist in *O Lord most holy* makes do with some rather makeshift phrasing. To my mind the best number on the program is the Rachmaninoff piece arranged by Gretchaninoff. Here the singing takes on extra life. —P.L.M.

Operatic Recital No. 2: "Trovatore"—
Deserto sulla terra; Ah si, ben mio; Di quella pira; "Traviata"—De' miei bollenti spiriti (Verdi); "*Cavalleria Rusticana*"—*Siciliana* (Mascagni); "*Pagliacci*"—*Vesti la giubba* (Leoncavallo); "*Eugene Onegin*"—*Lenski's air* (Tchaikovsky); "*Tosca*"—*Amaro sol per te* (with Göta Ljunberg, soprano) (Puccini); "*Rigoletto*"—*Questa o quella* (Verdi); "*Zauberflöte*"—*Dies Bildnis ist bezaubernd schon* (Mozart); "*Evangelimann*"—*Selig sind* (Kienzl); "*La Valière*"—*Ja, du allein* (Von Mary); "*Der Page des Königs*"—*Was war mein Lied* (Götze); *Tiritomba* (Italian folksong); *Zigeunerlied* (Bürger); *Il est un chant d'amour* (Mary); Josef Schmidt (tenor) with orchestra. Eterna 737, \$5.95.

▲SCHMIDT was a natural recording artist; his voice sounds well in practically anything he sings, and he seems to be enjoying himself. In life he was handicapped by his physique. Most of these arias are sung in German—*Questa o quella* is in Italian, and *Di quella pira* is heard first in Italian, then in German. The final song, *Il est un chant d'amour*, is in not too understandable French, and *Tiritomba* is in Italian. I find some discrepancies in the keys, which may or may not indicate incorrect speeds. Schmidt's voice always took well to the Italian language; we can only regret that there is not more of it here. For all that, the style is good: *Ah si, ben*

—P.L.M.

887

BOOK REVIEWS

Das Buch der Lieder und Arien, herausgegeben von Paul Douliez und Hermann Engelhard. Winkler-Verlag, München, DM 16.80 (linen) or DM 25.80 (leather).

By **GEORGE LOUIS MAYER**

THE LACK of a good compilation of the texts of the standard vocal music repertory has long been a frustration for music-lovers. This German collection, edited by Paul Douliez and Hermann Engelhard, thus will be a welcome addition to the library of record collectors, concert-goers and radio listeners. A reading knowledge of German and the willingness to spend a little time and effort translating and studying the material included here is a guarantee of better understanding and enjoyment of German vocal music. Especially so, since German composers so often turned to major poets for their song texts.

Any music lover who really cares about vocal music is interested in the texts of the songs and arias he hears performed—occasionally showing more concern than some singers for whom beautiful tone, or, at least, the attempt to achieve it, is more important than the getting across of the meaning of the song or aria performed. It is a great annoyance for such listeners to purchase a record and not to find the complete texts of the songs performed on the record contained on the sleeve notes. It is also sad that in America one so seldom finds the complete texts of songs in the printed program at vocal recitals. One hates to think of the reputation of such poets as Goethe and Verlaine being dependent upon the short English summaries of their poems found on some programs. The general European practice of having available at nominal cost a program which contains the complete texts of the works to be performed is preferable to not having them at all. It is no comfort to be given a handsomely printed program, made thick with advertisements, free, when it doesn't contain

the material one wants and needs for full enjoyment of the program one is about to hear. This book is bound to solve some of these problems.

There are four major sections to the book: religious music, songs, opera arias and scenes, and operetta arias and scenes. In addition to the Latin and German texts for the Mass, Requiem, *Te Deum*, *Magnificat*, and *Stabat Mater*, the first section contains the complete texts of such lengthy works as Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and *St. John Passion*, Haydn's *Creation* and *The Seasons*, and Brahms' Requiem. The lieder section, nearly three hundred pages long, contains the most important works of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Loewe, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Franz, Cornelius, Brahms, Wolf, Mahler, Strauss, Pfitzner, Reger, and Schönberg. All important song cycles are given complete. Texts from orchestral works with voice, such as Mahler's Second and Fourth Symphonies, are also included. The selections have been wisely chosen.

The opera section will also be of value. In many cases the original Italian texts as well as the German translations are given, especially in the case of concert arias by Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. The selections from rarely performed German operas will be useful to American listeners who are not apt to own the complete libretti for operas by such composers as Lortzing, Weber, Auber, and Cornelius, but who would like to have the texts of the important arias available. The German translations of Italian and French arias will be of less value but should prove useful to collectors who own recordings of some of these arias sung in German by such artists as Berger, Lemnitz, Cebotari, and Klose. The German texts of Mozart's Italian opera arias will be useful for the same reasons.

Even more useful, perhaps, will be the section devoted to operetta texts. These are difficult to obtain. Lehár, Kálmán

Millöcker, Lincke, and Könnecke are included.

The Winkler-Verlag must be praised for the format of this book. It is really handsome. The type is small but clear and sharp and the pages are in no case over-crowded—usually there is only one column with wide margins on both sides. In these days of economy publishing, such a book is a joy to discover and a pleasure to use.

It is also an easy book to use. In addition to a complete contents listing there

are three indexes: title and first line of texts, poets and translators, and composers.

Anyone interested in vocal music, even if it does mean struggling a bit with the German language, is urged to add this book to his collection. I only wish that companion volumes for the French and Italian repertory were available. The ideal, of course, would be a three-volume set complete with English translations of the highest quality. In lieu of that, the present volume is highly recommended.

Seven decades of lyric delights

The World of Musical Comedy, by Stanley Green. Ziff-Davis, \$10.

By EDWARD JABLONSKI

THERE are many delights in this big book by one of the entertainment editors of *HiFi/Stereo Review*, but to me, at least, the most important is that it provides, as stated in the subtitle, "the story of the American musical stage as told through the careers of its foremost composers and lyricists." The emphasis, for a change, is put where it belongs—on the contributions of the men who have given the most to the development of our lyric stage, and whose work will continue to live long after the stars, the flashy producers, *et al.*, have been forgotten.

Not that Mr. Green ignores the stars, producers, designers, and the rest. The book is filled with more than 200 scene photographs, the captions to which identify not only the stellar folk but also, as often as not, the designers of the costumes and the sets. This subtle form of scholarship might be overlooked if attention is not brought to it. Don't take it for granted, for just to make the picture captions meaty and accurate must have taken literally thousands of hours of painstaking

research. And searching for the photographs alone must have taken months. Having made that point I may now get on to the book proper.

Mr. Green has told his story in chronological-biographical form beginning with Victor Herbert, who was the first important contributor to our musical theater, and proceeding through the careers, shows, and songs of all the major songwriters, among them Cohan, Kern, Berlin, the Gershwins, Youmans, Porter, Rodgers, right on through Harnick and Bock ("Fiorello!"). Each biographical sketch carefully examines the life and works of each composer and lyricist, but more than that contains little-known facts about songs and productions. An attempt is made also to place each writer in historical perspective. Whether you—or I, for that matter—agree with Green's views on the importance of this or that figure isn't really important (though for the record I must admit that I am in agreement at least 97% of the time); what is important is that the attempt is made at all. Because of this Vincent Youmans, for example, for all the slenderness of his work, receives for once a fitting appraisal, placing him with the masters of our musical stage.

The text is crisply written, bristling with facts, and very readable; practically every page contains a photograph. In the appendix is a complete listing of the works of each songwriter discussed. Each show

Our "Unlikely Corners" columnist has himself contributed to the literature of Broadway, most recently with Harold Arlen: Happy With the Blues, published earlier this year by Doubleday.

is there, as well as a sample listing of its most important songs. Where a recording of the show exists, that, too, is listed and commented upon.

Possibly there may be some omissions, or here and there a questionable opinion. But there are so many riches contained in

The World of Musical Comedy that it would seem captious and certainly ungrateful not to welcome it enthusiastically. Stanley Green has herewith made his own valuable contribution to the world of musical comedy; and he has brilliantly satisfied a long-felt need.

A good primer on 'The Jazz Life'

The Jazz Life, by Nat Hentoff. The Dial Press. \$5.

A Guest Review
By HSIO-WEN SHIH

NO ONE is more curious about his heroes than the jazz fan, and no one is more poorly informed by the reading material available to him. Some writers have walked up to jazz boldly and taken it firmly by the wrist, like a family doctor taking a pulse, only to find that in their firmness they had squeezed the life out of it. Others have used jazz as a form of occupational therapy to work out their own fantasies and have created their own jazz world, as conventional and as false as a soap opera. Mr. Hentoff's book is an attempt to counteract both kinds of misunderstanding by making some simple matter-of-fact statements about what some jazz musicians are like and what it is like to be a jazz musician.

Hentoff is perhaps the widest-ranging and most intelligent man of those who have spent many years in trying to understand jazz, and to explain it to others. No one has a wider circle of acquaintances among musicians, and no critic can call more jazzmen friends. As a writer Hentoff makes his points clearly and with economy. (Although readers sensitive to the harmonics of the English language will be disturbed by his love for a kind of social science jargon.) So it is not surprising that he has produced a good primer on what he chooses to call *The Jazz Life*.

The book is divided into two sections. The first third is called *Backgrounds*, and

includes chapters about Mr. Hentoff's own introduction to the jazz world, about the changing social contexts jazz has seen in the last fifty years, about the trials of the young jazzman and the economics of the jazz business, about racial tensions within the jazz world, about dope addiction, and finally, Hentoff's pet peeve, the Newport Jazz Festival.

The second part, called *The Foreground*, includes two short accounts of record sessions, one by Louis Armstrong and the Dukes of Dixieland and one by Miles Davis and Gil Evans, then a short comment on Norman Mailer's ideas about hipsters, and finally a series of sketches that deal with the lives and problems of six jazzmen—Count Basie, Charlie Mingus, John Lewis, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, and Ornette Coleman. In summary, the book sounds more miscellaneous, and more like a collection of magazine pieces, than it actually is, for the careers and temperaments of the musicians he has chosen to portray offer enough contrast to suggest the range of personalities and adaptations that can be found in jazz.

But the six jazzmen he has selected are all band leaders and all more or less successful on some level. They are also all mavericks. All six of them have been so untypical that they have been damned at some time in their careers by the reigning taste, and several of them have been accused of "not being able to play his instrument" or "not playing jazz". It is Hentoff's privilege to present odd fish; they certainly make better—and perhaps easier—copy. But if this is *The Jazz Life*, what is it like for a jazzman who has been a sideman for ten years? What is the jazz life like for musicians—Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, or Coleman Hawkins—who

A native of Peking, Hsio-Wen Shih is a practicing architect in New York City and is also Publisher of The Jazz Review.

play with undiminished powers but have their audiences shot out from under them? What is the jazz life like for a player—like Kenny Dorham—who has played well and led a band off and on for years without much success? Shouldn't there have been, besides a chapter called *Three Ways of Making It*, one called *Three Ways of Not Making It*? And all six are Negroes. What is life like for a white jazz player? Certainly it is not at all the same as it is for a Negro.

Then there are curious gaps and lapses that I suspect are the result of hurried composition. For example, Hentoff says that jam sessions are rarer than they once were and blames the increasing compartmentalization in jazz styles. Actually jamming is rare only in clubs, and then primarily because of the prohibition imposed by the American Federation of Musicians. Surely Mr. Hentoff knows that young musicians arriving in town jam constantly, in lofts and in apartments, during the day and after work? It is one of the ways to get a reputation and, eventually, some work. And then in his

survey of the economics of the jazz business he says of the recording industry only that not many leaders derive much income from recordings. What about the importance of records as the principal way a jazzman has to achieve a more than local reputation? Surely that is the most important economic consideration for jazzmen in recording? And what about the band of men called "the faces" who make their very comfortable livings doing almost nothing except playing record dates? Mr. Hentoff's libertarian bent also leads him astray on some questions of sociology as well. He tells a story about an interracial couple who were passed up by several empty taxis as a sign of prejudice, which it certainly is. But does he not know that the prejudice is not necessarily against miscegenation as he implies—that the Negro musician might have just as hard a time getting a cab if he were waiting by himself? But these are fine points.

If you don't know what *The Jazz Life* is like, this book is the best available way to find out.

Other books received for review

HOW TO BECOME A MUSICAL CRITIC, by Bernard Shaw, edited (with an Introduction) by Dan H. Laurence. Hill and Wang, \$5.

SINCE DEBUSSY: A View of Contemporary Music, by André Hodeir. Evergreen Paperback E-260, Grove Press, \$2.95.

GISELLE AND I, by Alicia Markova; Foreword by Carl Van Vechten. London: Barrie and Rockliff, 25s.

ENGLISH FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS ("Comprising two hundred and seventy-four Songs and Ballads with nine hundred and sixty-eight Tunes"), collected by Cecil J. Sharp; edited by Maud Karpeles. A reprint of the 1932 edition. Oxford University Press, \$15.

MODERN DANCE FORMS [in relation to the other modern arts, especially music], by Louis Horst and Carroll Russell; Foreword by Martha Graham.

Impulse Publications (160 Palo Alto Avenue, San Francisco 14, California), \$4.90 postpaid until July 31; \$5.40 postpaid after July 31.

AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS: Tunes and Songs as Sung by Pete Seeger, edited by Irwin Silber and Ethel Raim. Oak Publications (121 West 47th Street, New York 36, N. Y.), Paperback, \$1.95.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY HARMONY: Creative Aspects and Practice, by Vincent Persichetti. W. W. Norton, \$6.95.

ECHOES OF AFRICA IN FOLK SONGS OF THE AMERICAS, by Beatrice Landeck; instrumental arrangements by Milton Kaye; English lyrics by Margaret Marks; drawings by Alexander Dobkin. David McKay Co., \$5.95.

A HISTORY OF SONG, edited by Denis Stevens. W. W. Norton, \$7.50.

SOUND IDEAS

An Equipment Review

By LARRY ZIDE

AS I PROMISED last month, this column will be devoted to an analysis of three products—the Citation III FM tuner, the ADC-1 cartridge, and the British SME tone arm. All three are products of the highest possible caliber. All represent what is probably the finest in their categories. They are also the highest-priced components in their respective fields.

Legitimately, then, a question must immediately be raised whether or not the prices are justified, and here there is no simple answer. The SME arm is priced at more than twice the cost of any other like product. Yet it will perform only slightly better than the best of the arms

in the thirty- to forty-dollar group. The ADC-1 and Citation III likewise outperform by a small margin units costing only two-thirds of their price.

My point is this: If you seek perfection any advance is worth what it costs. Then, too, the quality of most components in the higher-price classes is so good that any improvement of significance usually must be made at considerable cost to the individual manufacturer. There is a point of diminishing returns in the cost of components in general, where every slight advance must be paid for so heavily. In short, the three components under consideration, here are top-quality but you will pay for the quality.

The Citation III FM Tuner Kit



THIS MAKES the third Citation product to be reviewed in these pages. As with the Citation II amplifier and Citation IV preamp, Harman-Kardon has spared little in their attempt to make the finest possible unit available in kit form. It is priced at \$149.95, or \$229.95 factory-wired; the walnut case is \$29.95.

About fifteen hours of careful work are required to complete the tuner. I found the instruction book well-nigh perfect. I can suggest no better way of doing any part of the job than that course of action outlined in the book. Large separate

illustrations are provided for each stage of the wiring. This is actually an easy tuner to build, for its physically large size makes for little crowding of components. The only section that I found rather cramped was around the dual limiters. Here a great many resistors and condensers go into a small space, and placement of parts is critical. But everything does fit and fit properly.

The finished tuner is easily aligned using its own signal strength and balance meters to observe adjustments. The final result looks and acts great.

I must say that I have not yet encountered a tuner with higher sensitivity and lower audible distortion than the Citation III. Drift simply does not exist in so far as the ear can tell. The tuner incorporates an AFC locking circuit, defeatable by a front panel switch. Its action is positive although, except for careless tuning, it is simply not needed.

Other features include an interchannel noise suppressor, for people who dislike

interchannel noise, and a distant-local switch. Strong local station can overload a sensitive tuner. This switch reduces the input signal at the antenna to prevent this overload. Other front panel controls switch the unit on and off and control the volume.

All that's left to say is that this tuner will go into my own music system, replacing a tenant of long standing, as my reference.

SME Tone Arm



THE FUNCTION of a tone arm in the reproduction of records is probably less understood than that of any other product in the reproduction chain. As cartridges are improved the limitations imposed by the tone arm become all the more apparent. For example: At extremely light stylus pressures of one gram or less, arm friction at the bearing becomes a serious problem. Truly low bearing friction requires carefully machined, close-tolerance parts. It is in this area that the SME excels all other arms currently available.

There is nothing really radical about the design of the arm except that in this era of balanced spring-loaded arms the SME contains no spring for stylus pressure. This is achieved rather by a small rider weight that unbalances the arm in a vertical plane. Much has been said about the virtues of vertical balance *vs.* imbalance. Having studied some of the current evidence for both I must declare myself still firmly on the fence but leaning away from the springs. In any case the SME is one of the few arms that is *laterally* balanced for all weights of cartridge.

Precision is the keynote here. The stainless steel shaft is supported on dual

knife edges. It is a joy even to handle this arm; its heft and feel are a pleasure. As an example of the kind of precision I mean, the shell fits smoothly into the receptacle and screws down easily and firmly. On most arms this assembly is rather sloppy.

All the convenience features wanted in an arm are here. An oil-filled arm lift gently lowers the stylus into the groove and lifts it. This is controlled by a large lever extending from the base of the arm. The integral arm rest locks the arm in place to prevent accidental dislodgment.

With any cartridge I tried, the SME arm tracked at least $\frac{1}{2}$ gram lighter than other arms I use. A Grado Master tracked well at just over one gram in this arm. Resonance testing proved to be uncertain, with the same Grado cartridge I measured a 2 db peak at about 8 cycles.

With any cartridge bass response was limited by the capability of the cartridge itself. All in all, I would say that this arm, more than any other, realizes the full capabilities of the particular cartridge tested.

The installation of the arm presents some problems. For example, it requires a large oval-shaped cutout. I tested the sixteen-inch model, which I rather think

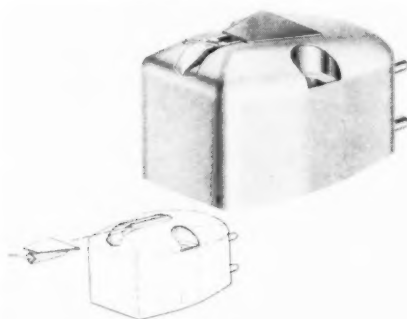
would not fit any standard base. It would not fit the sixteen-inch board of the Thorens TD-124, I know. Thorens was kind enough to supply me with a special seventeen-inch board to mount the arm, and they tell me that they will market this board instead of the sixteen-inch one in the future. So be sure that the arm will fit your turntable before you buy it.

About the only real trouble occurs with

warped records. The arm has a high vertical mass and when used with very high-compliance cartridges a pronounced "whump" can be heard every time the stylus rides up the warp.

As I mentioned earlier this arm costs twice the price of most other arms (12", \$89; 16", \$99). If you must have the finest reproduction possible, however, certainly the workmanship involved here is worth the money.

The ADC-1 Cartridge



HOT ON the heels of the SME arm, made for ultra-high compliance cartridges, is the ADC-1, which is just such a cartridge (\$49.50; replacement stylus, \$25). It was quite logical to test it in the SME and I did. Let me state at once that the ADC-1 cartridge is cleaner, smoother, and has better channel separation than any cartridge previously tested.

Regular readers may note that almost every cartridge reviewed recently in these pages has been called the best yet. This illustrates one of the dilemmas I face.

What I mean is that, just when I think I have found a new reference standard, the postman upsets the applecart. This time, however, I do not think the latest cartridge will be superseded in the near future. It is head and shoulders above anything I have tested.

Frequency response tests are as good as any. Response is extremely flat to

both bass and treble extremes. Channel separation is extraordinary. At all frequencies below 10 kc separation was 30 db or better. At 15 kc separation was well above 20 db. These figures are almost identical for either channel.

But sound is the thing. The ADC will track *anything* at less than one gram. In the SME I tracked at $\frac{3}{4}$ gram. (Skating force of the arm caused slight inner groove distortion in the right channel at these forces. It was overcome at 1.2 grams.) The ADC is probably truer to the sound *on* the record than any other cartridge. Certainly, to my ear at least, there were subtleties revealed that I had not heard before. Recordings I had thought distorted actually played cleanly with this cartridge.

If this is getting to sound like a love affair, well, it is. Insofar as my ears tell me what is good and bad, the ADC-1 cartridge is the one to have.

to envisage an artist himself through his pictures than through his pieces.

THE EVOCATIVE title for other than vocal music has been alternately in and out of vogue since the 15th century. Debussy happened to be born to a period when descriptive music was stylish. Not only in *La Mer* but in his entire output he is linked with Impressionism, the only movement in which pictorial and sonic arts have tried meeting on common ground. Impressionism really has little to do with music. It names the desire of a group of 19th-century French painters to elicit an *impression* and avoid a clear-cut message. Since music never conveys (as painting can) a clear-cut message it is always in a way impressionistic and hence need not be singled out as such. The painting's concern with illumination of a subject rather than the subject itself emphasized light rather than what was lighted. Now music has no color; at best the term *timbre* applies for varieties of sound combination. Musically 'light' or 'dark' tones are mere figures of speech.

The current Zen trend toward the Nowness of things relates to pictorial impressionism. Painters captured a momentary effect, a vague definition, a tree glimpsed through shifting fog at too close or far a distance for usual meaning. Monet's *Water Lilies* form a mental picture retreating as much as possible from physical resemblance while still retaining identity. Debussy stressed the same mood inversely by attempting to make sounds signify sights. Though their impressionistic aims appear synonymous the devices of these men are not comparable because of a non-common language. Whether they succeeded in sharing their reactions with the public is unimportant so long as the result was complete in itself.

Rendition of things out-of-focus or as they exist for the fraction of a second is nevertheless rendition of *things*. Such things from new distances assume new meanings. A man is only visibly a man while in speaking range. A mile off he is a dot *representing* a man, an inch away

he grows more than human. On this level the term *abstract* is not absurd for pictures because they can represent an abstraction of the specific. (If music represents an abstraction of the specific it has never been demonstrated.) The phrase 'non-representational' is nonetheless inappropriate and should perhaps be 'non-literal'.

Single fields of vision force the eye to focus on but one object at a time; surroundings of that object are blurred. Impressionist painters concentrated on the blur seeking atmosphere rather than line clarification.⁽²⁾ Debussy sought to clarify the blur. He metaphorically pulverized sound into a prismatic mist like the confettied *Pointilliste* close-ups that produce a haze of over-all coherence. Indeed, he achieved formal freedom in a manner difficult to analyze, and vainly longed to eliminate beginnings and ends from his art and retain only middles. Music naturally exists in time so must start and stop in time. Painting also starts and stops, but in space and with no climax in the accumulative mobile sense. Climaxes are indigenous to all the 'time arts' including dance which, though manifest in space, is basically a moving picture.

Painting's symbolic 'climax' is the static focal point which is always immediate—music's real climax is always kept waiting. Painters emulate time by copying recollections of a split moment as the Impressionists did, or like the realist portrait painter whose subject sits immobile for days to be reconstructed from the composite of a million moments. The portraitist's eye disintegrates his model into fragments which his hand reassembles on canvas. The subject *feels* his dismembered sections float across the studio, controlled by the painter's magnet vision; like flies in amber they come to rest in oil. If the artist steals of his model forever, the model takes also from the artist: such relationships are never one-sided. But the union's pictorial result is frozen.

Music exists—not on canvas nor yet on

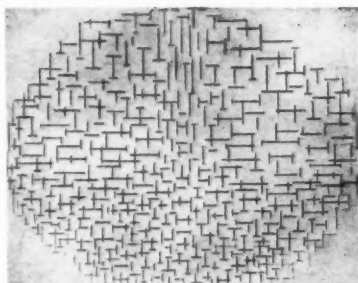
(2) In music a 'surface' theme is seized by the ear which takes accompaniment as much for granted as the eye takes *La Gioconda's* background. But the comparison is not what musical impressionists had in mind.

the staff—only in motion. The good listener will hear it as the present prolonged. The good spectator will see a picture also as a whole even when he examines at close range images re-created from a distance, or from a distance images made at close range. Since a finished picture does not rely on time, the individual has more time to inspect it, whereas music's meaning (if any) must be 'caught on the run'.

An entire painting is absorbed at the speed of light. The time it takes our eyes to reach the canvas is all that's required for an image to be stamped indelibly on the brain. We seem to look into it, yet its third dimension is imaginary; we cannot penetrate increasingly as into the universe. We come to know it in many ways each of which constitutes an indivisible moment of the present. A whole piece of music is grasped only in retrospect. Were it feasible to condense a piece for performance at an infinite speed (say, a whole symphony lasting one second), time would still be the leading factor and the audience would still have to remain till the end without having *seen* the music as a static image. We can look away from pictures but we can't listen away from sounds. We accept in simile 'the image of sound' yet we never speak of 'the sound of image'.⁽³⁾

TO CONVEY through music a non-musical idea three formulas are available: the tone picture, the tone poem, and the incidental background for plays.

Tone pictures are puns which never need explanation to be enjoyed. The majority refer to aspects of nature, usually water or birds, or vistas including both, in specified attitudes at specified times of day. They may use the same title without necessarily sounding alike. How many pieces are called *The Fountain!* More rare are resemblant musics with diverse significance. The opening bars of Debussy's *Clouds*, or Mussorgsky's *Four*



Piet Mondrian: Composition No. 10, Plus and Minus, 1915

Walls, and of Stravinsky's *Nightingale* are too similar for coincidence, yet their literary intentions are unrelated. Different means are tried for the same subject and the same means for different subjects, but the musician won't name a work *Abstraction*—he doesn't have to. Nevertheless he can't truly expect us to see sounds any more than we hear paint. The well-wrought sonorous landscape by any other name would sound as sweet.

Tone poems tell stories. As a rule they involve direct emotions indirectly transported on wings of wordless song through fire, jealousy and death. Like good tone pictures they possess abstract coherence without a program.

The third division, the incidental background for plays, in turn serves three purposes, all very general. The first is for indicating weather conditions and originates from the tone picture. The second is for love scenes and derives from the tone poem. The third is for quieting the audience or getting actors on and off stage, and stems from the military fanfare. These functions can be understood as placid mornings or storms, tender or quarreling passion, nostalgia or foreboding, and the passage of various periods of time. Music is never more explicit.

Actual paintings sometimes inspire music. The most famous example is *Pictures at an Exhibition*. And just this season new works by Diamond and Schuller used paintings of Paul Klee as 'theme'. Klee himself once said: "Art does not render the visible, but renders visible." He was speaking, I imagine, only of plastic art. It remains doubtful that his painting is

(3) Any exceptions I know for these principles of perception are artificially provoked. With marihuana the aurally uninitiated will witness simultaneously independent counterpoints. And with drugs like mescaline the optically unresponsive will enter a canvas, like Alice in the mirror, and re-create with the artist each layer of his working process.

rendered more visible as interpreted through an unrelated medium. Hindemith maintains that "the reactions music evokes are not feelings, but . . . memories of feelings." If a composer enjoins us to recall emotions about a picture he distracts attention from his piece, since concentration is not wholly directed to more than one thing at a time.

Dallapiccola arranges notes on a staff to look like the Cross of Christ. Of course we don't hear a cross any more than we see tomorrow. If impatience leads us to conclude that certain music, like children, should be seen and not heard, Dallapiccola's device is not for that disqualified. Do the typographical designs of Cummings' poetry disturb it when read aloud? or does the holy '3' of liturgical chant oblige us to feel the Trinity rather than a metrical pulse? Tricks are valid when used as cause and not effect. We judge by expressive results. Virgil Thomson has posed people for musical portraits. This too is a means to an end, like re-evaluating pictures by sound. The tonal image provides impetus to build an ultimate abstraction.

In like manner a painter on a dull day may 'get himself going' by drawing geometric forms which eventually become representational. To Mondrian or Albers the geometric presents an end in itself. Dare I say this end is also representational? (The skeptic maintains such painting is merely unfinished while the Freudian finds in it heaven knows how many symbols.) Of course it is representational: nature abounds in geometry as she abounds in vibrations from which music is fashioned; yet psychoanalysts are shy of chords and scales.⁽⁴⁾

I too have written visual music, for I don't always practice what I preach. In a work called *Eagles for Orchestra* I followed a word-picture of Whitman, but soon dispensed with all thought of birds and was impelled only by waves of the verse. Poetry, falling between the poles of sight and sound, supplies both image and movement. Still I never see eagles

when I hear my music which could as easily represent a hurricane, or heavy traffic, or nothing at all. I used the title just because it's pretty.

AESTHETIC difference in intention no doubt contributes to personality difference between makers of pictures and pieces. There are also practical reasons.

Painters don't need verbal articulation. Addressing the sense of sight through the sense of touch they make what will be seen by contact with canvas. Doubly involved with the sensual they are unconcerned with intellectual justification. Besides, they often have poets as spokesmen. Trends like Surrealism, which are considered the painters' private property, are primarily literary movements which 'take up' painters. None of these movements has ever dealt positively with music.

Composers as a race are more lucid. What we call a 'primitive' in painting (one without formal experience) is unimaginable in musical composition, which is a craft whose elements are not implicit in the growing-up process. Everyone from birth learns to speak and use his hands, and literally anyone can write poems or draw pictures (drawing is a kind of writing, and vice versa). But certain rudiments of composition must be en-cased before a minimal expression is plausible because music requires an interpreter to whom the creator's intention must be clear. Painting presupposes no interpretation other than by the spec-

An architectural project by Victor Hartmann—"City-Gate of Kiev"—which inspired the final tableau of "Pictures at an Exhibition" (Alfred Frankenstein collection)



(4) It would be amusing to speculate about Ravel's fixation on the descending fourth whenever he sets the word "mother" to music!

tator; it needs no performing middle-man.

On its lowest plane the pictorial is more accessible than the sonorous—the eye is a less complex instrument than the ear—so there are more painters around than composers. In Paris alone forty thousand are inscribed in the city census; not even a fifth that number of composers exists in the world. Quality of course smooths out the difference; each field claims the same small number of superior artists. Financially again the balance is unequal. A professional painter earns directly through his work many times more than a composer of corresponding age and reputation. As a tangible commodity painting is a practical investment; music cannot be 'owned' and hence lacks market value. The composer needs not only communication with his interpreter, but must develop extra-compositional articulation to earn a living. The painter spends most of his time working or dealing directly with his public, which the composer seldom does.

THE FORMAL aspects of painting and music contain non-comparable dimensions but their embellishments, color and orchestration, are not dissimilar. Red cannot exist by itself (it cannot be *conscious* of itself, so to speak) without being a red something; nor can a flute sound be just that: it will always be a flute playing something. This is a relation, if not an infallible one, for color can indicate form in painting while orchestration plays no formal part in music.

The element of professional *rapprochement* between these arts is happiest in the theater where the wedding is of mediums rather than of artists. Frequently the musician and set designer never meet. Their products are soldered together by a producer upon whose talent the success of the marriage depends. It is rare that painter and composer collaborate through free will as do poet and painter or composer and poet.

A given artist is usually well-versed in one of the sister arts which he enjoys as a hobby. Musicians and painters, none the less, don't seem to need each other. Their chief similarity as private citizens is in

mutual disregard. Creative Jacks-of-all-trades, from Leonardo to Noel Coward, have always been something of a rarity, and are becoming more so. This is not reprehensible: to a creator vast knowledge is unnecessary, sometimes even harmful.

ARTISTS, like children, resist alienation from nature. None seeks to copy so much as to join nature by opening a glass door to which he alone holds the key, but through which others can look. Painting's connection with nature (whether geometric or photographic) is more apparent than music's. The latter, like architecture, proceeds in indirect simulation by subduing inspiration to calculation. Its 'unnatural' components are what render it the abstractest art, for one musical sound has meaning only in ordered relation to another, while in nature sound has unordered meaning in itself.

The truest relation between artists is not as thinkers but as doers obsessed with organized self-discovery. Composer and painter alike feel toward the tools of their expression as interpreters toward their instrument. The disheveled neatness atop the piano, the easel and chisel, pencil and paper, the assemblage of colors and staves and inks and rulers are as tenderly disinterested and aggravating as twins to these men. Both of them while working inhabit a strenuous cocoon removed from time and space, the better to deal objectively with space and time—for both share the immediate while in the act of making. The logic of hindsight alone demonstrates their dissimilar intentions.

IHAVE wished to dispel a fallacy by showing art as an active matter not to be judged by stodgy standards. My premise has been that music and painting are less resemblant than generally supposed. Any theory which questions bromides is valid. Perhaps sometime I'll try proving that music is never abstract, painting always is. Such an approach merged with the present one might allow that pictures and pieces are really the same. A discouraging assumption. After all, if the arts could express each other we wouldn't need more than one.

Folk Music

By HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

Canada's Story in Song Sung by Alan Mills. Gilbert Lacombe, guitar; Gordon Fleming, accordion. Notes by Edith Fowke. Folkways Records FW-3000, \$5.95.

▲ THIS new Folkways release is a lively informative account of Canada's history from pre-colonial times to the present told in ballads, lyric songs, carols, marching tunes, and sea chanteys. It is a bright, witty, tuneful collection of Eskimo, Indian, English, and French songs. Mr. Mills, who is Canada's first minstrel, sings them all in his full-bodied baritone voice with admirable energy and gusto. Completely bilingual, his English and French have an authentic ring. In the Eskimo and Indian songs his city-trained voice runs at cross purposes with the primitive material, but he sings them without adornment or manufactured emotion. He is a good ballad singer who allows the story to unfold without obliterating it with the many devices dear to the hearts of professional folk singers. Mills has, on public occasions, been the popular entertainer, but here he is a careful artist concerned more with revealing the meaning of the material than with his own part in it. Only the most rudimentary guitar and accordion accompaniments are used. This is quite a relief from the loud and fitful banjo and guitar "backgrounds" with which many folksingers smother both words and melody.

While the songs are delightful in themselves, the notes, prepared by Edith Fulton Fowke, noted Canadian folklorist, add immeasurably to the enjoyment of this set. In a well-documented booklet, Miss Fowke includes gems of information on history and social customs, as well as the original texts and English translations. The story she tells is a turbulent and exciting record of a pioneer country much like our own. But how different it is! Whereas we had one dominant culture in those early years, the Anglo-Saxon, the Canadians had two. The combination of French wit and sense of "réalité" and British directness and bluntness has given Canada a folklore of rare richness.

The two records are divided into four

parts: The Early Years, The British Take Over, Towards Confederation, and The Country Grows.

One of the most touching stories in the notes concerns a French Jesuit priest who spent almost all of his life teaching and ministering to the Huron Indians. He is said to have written the first Canadian carol. Using an ancient French tune he interpreted the Nativity story in Indian terms. Jesus was the Great Spirit and the Wise Men three chiefs. He was finally tortured and burned at the stake by some warlike Iroquois but the descendants of those Huron Indians still sing the carol. It's to be found on Side I, Band 7. There are heroic stories and songs of the early years and the fierce rivalry between the English and French fur-trappers. Despite the basic hostility between the white settlers and the indigenous population, some trappers lived in the forest so long that they formed friendships with the Indians and even took on their habits, dress, speech, and ways of life.

A fine old French ballad, *La Courte Paille*, Side II, Band 2, was adapted by the Acadians to tell of their expulsion from Canada and their subsequent wandering. The original words concerned a ship that spent seven years at sea. The Acadians made it really their own by adding a refrain:

Vivrons-nous toujours en tristesse?

Aurons-nous jamais la liberté?

Must we always live in sadness?

Will we never be free?

A most delightful ballad is one about our own Revolutionary War, brought to Canada by some of the "United Empire Loyalists" who went north preferring to live under the British flag. It is called "Revolutionary Tea" and describes the famous incident which figures in the conflict between Britain and her colonies as a scrap between a mother and daughter. The mother demands her daughter pay a tax on her tea. The content of the final stanza is recorded in all the history books, but the balladeer says it with flavor:

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door

All down by the ocean's side,

And the bouncing girl she poured out every pound

In the dark and boiling tide!

And then she called out to the Island Queen

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother," quoth

Henrietta Yurchenco is the chief folk music critic. Paul Kresh and Herbert Haufrecht are her principal associates.

she—

"Your tea you may have when it's steeped enough,

But never a tax from me,

No, never a tax from me."

A perfect example of historical confusion is "Marching Down to Old Quebec" (when the American Revolutionary troops hoping to draw the Canadians to their side tried to oust the British from Quebec). In the United States the verse reads this way:

The American boys have won the day

And the British are retreating.

However, in the version included here the text reads:

For the British boys have gained the day

And the Yankees are retreating.

These are only a few samples from this wonderful collection. Also richly chronicled are the part the Irish Fenian Brotherhood played in America, the constant struggle for unification, numerous rebellions, the opening up of the Northwest Territory, the explorations in the Arctic, the homesickness of the Scotch home-steaders and the Klondike gold rush.

Definitely recommended. —H.Y.

•
Songs of the Auvergne; arranged by Joseph Canteloube, sung in the Auvergne dialect. Netania Davrath (soprano), with orchestra conducted by Pierre de la Roche. Vanguard VRS-9085, \$4.98.

▲CANTELOUBE, a pupil of d'Indy and a prolific writer of orchestral, choral, and operatic music, might have gone through life completely unnoticed if it had not been for his arrangements of folksongs of his native Auvergne. His magnificent orchestral settings have excited interest in the musical world since their first performance in 1924 at the Concerts Colonne in Paris. The collection, totaling nineteen, roughly divided between dance and slow arioso melodies, was released in four groups, the first in 1923 and the last in 1930. It was Madeleine Grey, famed for her stirring interpretations of French art songs (particularly Ravel's), who brought them international acclaim in her recordings released by Columbia in the thirties and later reissued on LP. Today, the latter is a collector's item.

This splendid new recording is welcome indeed. Besides, it contains twice as many songs as the old Columbia. Netania Davrath, Russian-born Israeli singer who distinguished herself recently in an album of Russian songs, also for Vanguard, bravely ventures into foreign territory and comes off surprisingly well. Her impeccable musicianship, warm and rich-timbred voice, and her dedication to the spirit of the music are certainly in

the same class as her predecessor's.

Although Miss Davrath has these many virtues her performance lacks the soaring quality and intensity of the Grey version. Her rhythms, too exact and binding, prevent the melodies from flowing naturally and spontaneously. Perhaps her unfamiliarity with the Auvergne dialect has something to do with her studied rendition.

These observations notwithstanding, the record is an outstanding achievement. —H.Y.

•
Cisco Houston Sings the Songs of Woody Guthrie. Vanguard VRS-9089, \$4.98.

▲QUOTE: "A man in a bar heard me sing *Barbery Allen* one day and liked it so much he paid me to sing it for three days running. That's how I became a folk singer." That's how Woody Guthrie described the beginning of his extraordinary career as one of America's finest minstrels. This album is a testimonial to his genuine creativeness as folk poet and composer. It is hard to realize that Woody now lies in a hospital no longer able to continue his work. Sadly enough, Cisco Houston, who sings his songs here and who was his friend and companion for more than twenty years, died recently at the age of 42.

With the news of Cisco's death fresh in my mind as I listened to this record and all but overcome with melancholy, I recalled when both were in New York for the first time. Woody, wiry, nervous and high-strung then, spoke with the tongue of a poet even in his everyday conversation. His language, rooted in Oklahoma traditions, was elevated to a personal art. When he sang, which was often, his effect on the audience was electric and profound. He would sit quietly, a slight smile on his face. Strumming a bit on the guitar he would just sing his story, intent on what he had to say—and no more. Woody was never afraid of anything; he said just what he wanted to say. And if his barbs

Woody Guthrie



and comments on life were sharp and caustic, making many squirm uncomfortably, he hit the mark with uncanny accuracy. Thoroughly human, he pointed an accusing finger at social inequalities and injustices not with a political axe to grind but out of genuine pathos and love for people. He might have been angry and despondent at times but he was never without hope.

Cisco, in his notes on the jacket, says that there are dozens of large notebooks filled with hundreds of Woody's songs, all hand-written with pen, pencil, crayon or whatever he happened to have with him at the time. He wrote them whenever the mood hit him, and wherever he happened to be—a sort of folk Schubert writing songs on the backs of menus. Not all the songs are great or even good but they are alive and they ring true with the flavor of rural America. His creations, his person and his Oklahoma background are as organically integrated as a tree rooted in the earth.

Cisco's notes trace Woody's career from its beginnings on radio, and his touring up and down California in his 1927 Chevrolet "whose wheels all went in different directions", putting on shows for migratory workers, to travels during World War II, singing in Africa, Sicily, and the British Isles.

In this, his last record, Cisco frees himself from the corrosive influence of the commercial world which for a time threatened to corrupt his early style. Although smoother and more professional now, he sings Woody's songs with the same soft lilt and lovely musical quality he was known for back in the forties. It is truly said here of him: "He can walk into your home and, right away, start a good talk with the kids. He knows where your refrigerator is, and your record player, and he has read most of your books. After he has been with you a short time, you begin to feel more at home. As you listen to this record, I think you will get the feeling that Cisco Houston is visiting with you in your home, singing for you, and with you, about as he would do if he had walked in, in person."

This disc is a "must".

—H.Y.

●
Out of the Ghetto: Songs of the Jews in America. Leon Lishner (bass), and Lazar Weiner, piano. Vanguard VRS-9068, \$4.98.

▲ALTHOUGH many songs known to American Jews were brought here by Eastern European immigrants, many have also been composed in America. These in turn were carried back to Europe where they became popular with the workers.

Though we think of folksongs as part of anonymous oral tradition, in the case

of Jewish songs the most familiar were usually written by well-known poets and adapted either to traditional tunes or to new melodies created by Yiddish art song composers. However, as they circulated among Yiddish-speaking Jews new variants developed in the natural living process characteristic of folk music everywhere.

The songs in this album are representative of several periods in the growth of Yiddish art song in America. They do not include the songs popular on the Yiddish stage after World War I, when it was corrupted by imitation of American musical comedy. The texts deal with those experiences common to the American Jews who migrated here in the years before the Hitler holocaust. They illustrate three aspects: The old life in Europe, the dream of coming to America, and the new life itself as they actually found it.

Golus Marsh (The March of the Exiles), written by the great labor poet, Morris Rosenfeld, *Di Vant (The Wall)*, and *Eliyohu Hanovi (The Prophet Elijah)* are songs which recall the persecution and terrible destruction of the Czarist pogroms, and the courageous struggle for liberation. In Sholem Aleichem's famous lullaby, *Shlof Mayn Kind (Sleep, My Child)*, popular as a folksong even before it was published, a mother rocking her child to sleep voices the hope of rejoining her husband in the New World. Many Jews succeeded in reaching our shores in the full-scale migration which began in the 1880s. Instead of streets paved with gold they found themselves living in unspeakable tenements and working long hours in dark and dank sweat-shops. *Mayne Yingele*, based on another poem by Morris Rosenfeld, speaks of the hard reality of those early years. It describes the unhappiness of a sweat-shop worker who never gets to see his child awake.

Although there are numerous songs of poverty and oppression on this disc they are well balanced with a fine selection of tender love songs, Chassidic dance melodies, and lyrical songs in a philosophic mood.

Lishner is a versatile singer, at home with this material as he is in opera and on the concert stage. A good art singer with a splendid voice, he performs not to display his vocal talents but to communicate the meaning of the text through the music. His accompanist, Lazar Weiner, is an outstanding Jewish composer represented in that capacity here by one song, *A Nign (A Tune)*.

Scholarly notes by Ruth Rubin, giving the names of composers and poets usually and unforgivably omitted in most recordings, and including vital historical and social references.

—H.Y.

Stereotape Reviews

Peter C. Pfunke / Robert Jones

BERLIOZ: *Requiem, Op. 5*; Leopold Simoneau (tenor); New England Conservatory Chorus directed by Lorna Cooke de Varon; Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-7000, \$14.95.

TMUNCH'S grandly-conceived performance was the subject of a feature review in the May, 1960, ARG. There's a sense of firmness and fervent intensity to the quieter sections and an explosive excitement to the more ponderous moments, while the myriad tonal forces are kept well balanced throughout. Simoneau's singing in the *Sanctus* is appropriately sublime in expression, though somewhat more strained than serene in a few top notes. Victor meets a formidable sonic challenge superbly: there's a wonderful spaciousness evident as well as an absolutely fearful dynamic range (the *Tuba mirum* portion is simply spine-chilling). I would have preferred a less pretty, more truly brassy, brass sound than Victor seems to be able to master (here and elsewhere), but this is only quibbling. In all, a glorious tape. —P.C.P.

BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme of Haydn, Op. 56a*; *Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80*; *Tragic Overture, Op. 81*; The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, London LCL 80060, \$7.95.

TTHERE'S not much good one can say about this playing. It is rather wooden and lethargic. London's stereo sound is excellent, though. See also page 301 in the March, 1958, ARG. —P.C.P.

LALO: *Symphonie espagnole*; Henryk Szeryng (violin); Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Hendl. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2051, \$8.95.

TONE cannot escape a shortage in color

and sparkle that is particularly noticeable in the final movement. Victor provides sonics which are quite good except for a few slight but surprising rough-sounding spots. —P.C.P.

MASCAGNI: "*Cavalleria Rusticana*"; Giulietta Simonato (Santuzza), Raquel Satre (Lola), Anna di Stasio (Lucia), Mario del Monaco (Turiddu), Cornell MacNeil (Alfio), Chorus and Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, conducted by Tullio Serafin. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape. London LOH-90032, \$7.95.

TLIKE "*Traviata*", "*Rigoletto*", "*Butterfly*" and a few other standard items which are continually given first-rate performances in every repertory house, "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" seems to defy capture by microphones. Possibly there has never been a completely inadequate stage performance of "*Cavalleria*"; I have never seen one. Just as surely, I have yet to hear an adequate recording of it. The two finest Santuzzas (or should it be Santuzzi?) I have ever encountered, Virginia Copeland and Nell Rankin, have yet to arouse interest in the A & R offices of the recording companies, though the interest they arouse in an audience is, to put it mildly, violent.

The secret is, of course, that all these works require singers who are able to project drama by vocal means. This sort of singer never being exactly plentiful, the recorded performances all emerge as musically apt but dramatically pallid. However effectively Miss Simonato plays the role on stage (and I can testify to her theatrical power in this very role), she has not succeeded in projecting it into the microphones. Since, like the other operas mentioned, "*Cavalleria*" stands or falls on the dramatic ability of the leading performer, her failure is the production's failure. The most obvious moments are brought off well, but one cannot be satis-



fied with a Santuzza who relies upon *A te la mala Pasqua* to provide the only moment of emotional color in an entire role. Undeniably well sung, this Santuzza's prime distinction is that of neatness.

The other singers do well, particularly Del Monaco, in better voice than we have heard him in some time. MacNeil has a huge voice, Sastre a nonchalant (not to say uninterested) one. Serafin must have conducted hundreds of performances of this work by now and I, for one, suspect he was not overly excited by the prospect of this latest one.

The sound is magnificent. Little hiss, no noticeable crosstalk. Side two, however, boasts a pedal-point of turntable (?) motor rumble from beginning to end. This is a new flaw to my ears, one we can well do without. This minor blemish pointed out, we can wholeheartedly endorse the engineering, praise the singing, and keep waiting for a *dramatic* effort at this most dramatic of operas. —R.J.

•
MOZART: *Concerto No. 24, K. 491; Rondo, K. 511;* Artur Rubinstein (piano), Orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, RCA Victor FTC-2052, \$8.95.

TRUBINSTEIN and Mozart concerti are so totally absent from the present catalogue that this release can scarcely fail to arouse widespread interest. The collaboration of Josef Krips, conducting an orchestra which is unfortunately nameless, is a promise of good things in the orchestral department, while RCA has provided gorgeous sound and freedom from tape flaws.

Both artists are in top form, Rubinstein playing with a rich subtlety that

makes all the more unexplainable the paucity of his Mozart recordings. I am told more of the Mozart concerti will be forthcoming from the same sources. If this first release is representative of the ones to follow, I, can hardly wait. —R.J.

•
MOZART: *Symphony No. 40 in G minor; Eine kleine Nachtmusik;* Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. Four Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape, Westminster WTC-150, \$7.95.

TULLISH performances, these, especially in the G minor Symphony. There's certainly not much lightness and grace here, though the playing is brisk and assured. Westminster's sound is on the dry side, though quite clean. —P.C.P.

•
PUCCINI: *"La Bohème"* (excerpts): Renata Tebaldi (Mimi); Gianna D'Angelo (Musetta); Carlo Bergonzi (Rodolfo); Ettore Bastianini (Marcello); Cesare Siepi (Colline); Fernando Corena (Alcindoro); Chorus and Orchestra of the Accademia Di Santa Cecilia, Rome, conducted by Tullio Serafin. Four-Track 7½ ips. Stereo Tape. London LOL-90026, \$7.95.

TORDINARILY, when I am confronted with a set of excerpts totaling approximately half the time of the complete opera, I rise up in indignation and demand to know why I am not given the rest of it. However, I find Tebaldi's Mimi singularly unappealing. The voice is lovely, to be sure, but too large and cumbersome. The introduction of aspirates into each legato phrase is not a pleasant sound, while her attempts at girlishness only embarrass me. It would be polite to ignore the top C at the end of the first act, but it is there and it is difficult to ignore. The others in the cast are satisfactory but by no means remarkable, though Bergonzi's *Che gelida manina* very nearly attains that level. The sound, moreover, is *too* good. As this most intimate opera begins, we find ourselves in an attic with the sonic dimensions of a warehouse. Rodolfo and Marcello live in this warehouse and furthermore are plagued with extremely noisy steam heating. —R.J.



WORDS ONLY

By PAUL KRESH

THE MAINSPRING of "The Quare Fellow", the three-act comedy-drama on prison life by Brendan Behan which sent him reeling into fame when it was produced in London by the Theatre Workshop in 1956, is literally gallows humor. The railleury begins with the warder's opening line and, in the original play, continues unabated to the final curtain. This relentless flow of macabre hilarity serves only to heighten the playwright's indignation at the hollowness of official justice, the ghastly barbarity of capital punishment, the endless ironies of human existence thrown into relief when men are locked up for their transgressions, against what he regards as a society steeped in hypocrisy. What makes the play remarkable, distinct from other prison dramas, is its rigorous restraint in never allowing a bit of its viewpoint to be expressed in actual dialogue. Sentimentality, preachiness, overt protest are firmly excluded. Perhaps there never was in an actual jail such a witty collection of fellows as Mr. Behan assembled for "The Quare Fellow", but their talk rings precisely true in flavor and import, and none of them is ever allowed to breathe a word that might betray his own code of non-comment where emotional attitudes to the ways of official morality are concerned. Thus the horror of the play's message comes across the footlights undiluted and unmitigated, because it is never expressed on stage. The tears that are not shed by the characters are left to be spilled by the audience, along with the compassion that is not solicited. It is a powerfully effective method.

The ordinarily unbuttoned mind of Mr. Behan was astonishingly well-dressed for this occasion. "The Quare Fellow" is tightly constructed and moves with re-

lentless vigour at a calculated pace toward its denouement. Its language is free of the bawdiness that marks Mr. Behan's ordinary conversation. The action takes its cue from a piercingly haunting ballad which the author claims (in another company's recording, on Spoken Arts, of Irish folksongs and ballads) to have picked up from a "tramp" of his acquaintance who never had the price of a gramophone:

"A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell
And that old triangle
Went jingle jangle,
Along the banks of the Royal Canal.
To begin the morning
The warder bawling
Get out of bed and clean up your cell."

Warder bawls and morning begins in a Dublin prison. Through the cynical exchanges of the older prisoners—the "lags" serving three years or more—it is disclosed that one man has just been given a reprieve from hanging to a life sentence, while another, never referred to by name but always as "the quare fellow", a species of Cain who chopped his brother up with a meat-axe, is due for the rope. The routine of the day, the blarney of the inmates, the comments of the "screws" (warders) color the stage in a series of rich anecdotal episodes leading to a first-act climax when the "lifer" attempts to kill himself. By that time, we know Prisoners A., B., C., D. and all the rest like old schoolmates. We have learned from their casual talk the full horror of hanging and the customs of jail existence, strung out in a series of jokes whose sharp points pierce long after laughter expires. In the second act, the prisoners take bets on their bacon rations over whether "the quare fellow" will get a reprieve, and they dig his grave. In the last act, after intolerable suspense, the hangman scientifically measures "the drop" to make sure the "quare fellow's" neck will break properly, the hanging takes place on schedule and the "quare fellow's" last letters to correspondents outside are not mailed but divided up among the prisoners rather than thrown into the grave as is apparently the usual practice. And then there is this;

The Quare Fellow, by Brendan Behan.
Directed by Michael O hAodha. Adapted by Philip Rooney. A Radio Eireann Player's Production. Produced by Fred O'Donovan—Eamonn Andrews Studio, Dublin. Spoken Word album SW-A24, \$11.90.

"What's a crook?" asks Prisoner A. "Only a businessman without a shop."

A final stanza of the ballad ends the proceedings.

In all this, the pretensions of men and their airs of sanctimony are unsparingly mocked. Prisoner Dunlavin doesn't mind having a murderer next to him but he won't put up with a "bloody sex mechanic". ("Looks like this man is a bit of an intellectual." "Is that what they call it now?") The governor arrives still stung at being ragged at his own table at the School Union for refusing a reprieve to the condemned man. One prisoner extols the Bible as an endless source of comfort to him because he uses the pages for rolling cigarettes, and thus once got halfway through the book of Genesis. The nearest thing to a hero in the play is the warder Regan, a man of sensibility and humanity but no more sentimental in his language than any of the other warders or prisoners who cross the stage.

Only once is he openly lyrical, and then most movingly:

"... Great night for stars. If there's life on any of them, I wonder do the same things happen up there? Maybe some warders on a planet are walking across a prison yard this minute and some fellow up there waiting on the rope in the morning and looking out through the bars, for a last look at our earth and the moon for the last time. . . . But then, always:

"Though I never saw them to bother much about things like that. It's nearly always letters to their wives or mothers, and then we don't send them, only throw them into the grave after them. What'd be the sense of broadcasting such rubbish?"

So much is mentioned here because otherwise it would be difficult to convey just how infuriatingly the Radio Eireann Players' production has betrayed "The Quare Fellow". The play has not been cut in length—there is plenty of room on four sides for all of it—but it has been censored, shuffled about, distorted, and watered down with extraneous additions.

The rowdier passages of humor—rowdy not in their language but in their assault on the sacrosanct—have been by-passed in an unwarranted number of instances. The more gruesome details which would leave the listener incensed at the practice of hanging are toned down or omitted. The second part of Regan's speech quoted above, for example, is struck out. The nature of the "quare fellow's" crime is never recited in its full horror. Scenes which gained their intention through impious railery have been rewritten into somber vignettes. Worse, a number of speeches which could only make a writer

like Mr. Behan physically ill have been inserted to replace the stricken material—speeches in which pious references to religion, the love of the Virgin Mary for the young, and explicit discussions of the practice of capital punishment contort the very essence and flout the prime rule of the piece: to make no overt reference ever to what, by the author's standards, is right or wrong, but allow the audience to draw its own conclusions. A rather drab, solemn narration links the dramatized sections. Warder Regan has been transformed into a sentimental Hollywood hero. And worst of all, the attempted suicide which caps the action of the first act has been written out entirely—a violation not only of the spirit of the play but of its basic dramatic structure. Mr. Rooney has also seen fit to juggle any number of episodes and speeches, for reasons that do not even seem to have anything to do with the requirements of the Irish Catholic church or Dublin radio but to this listener were totally unfathomable. Even the famous line where a warder offers jocularly to sell the convicts tickets to the Police Ball is missing in this emasculated version of a manly work.

How did Mr. Behan let all this happen? Or did he?

Since "The Quare Fellow" arrives rattling in its fat album with no text or liner notes, the American listener is at a considerable disadvantage. The thick brogues, the prison slang and the occasional lapses into Gaelic are barriers enough to easy understanding. These handicaps, together with a not especially bright sound in the recording itself, make it difficult to follow Mr. Rooney's church-acceptable version of Behan's work. Trying to follow with the printed play as published by the Grove Press is only more exasperating, because of the way the adapter has shuffled the script like a pack of playing cards.

On the other hand, the performance, though subdued and, like the altered dialogue, sentimentalized at times, is still an exceptionally careful and authentic one, employing the talents of eighteen topnotch Irish performers, including Eamon Kelly in a fine interpretation of Regan, and the voice of Brendan Behan singing the ballad that pivots the action.

On the album cover is Mr. Behan himself, photographed at the doorway to a prison cell, the kind of environment of which he has been making so thorough a personal study from the inside in our hemisphere the past few months.

One can only hope that another "Quare Fellow" may come of these incarcerations, and that the original will be performed on records sometime soon with an equally appropriate cast—but as it was written.

THE MONTH'S JAZZ

Martin Williams / Mait Edey / Don Heckman / Robert Levin

Coltrane Jazz. Atlantic 1354, \$4.98.

▲THE most influential (which in the jazz world tends to mean the most doggedly imitated) saxophonist playing today is John Coltrane, a musician who is at once brilliant and deficient. His style is fashioned almost entirely of rapid scales and arpeggios of enormous harmonic sophistication, interspersed with shrill sustained notes in the higher register and occasional jagged motifs constructed of notes spaced at wide intervals. His brilliance is almost entirely harmonic. Harmonic variations (in the form of extensions of and superimpositions on the chords) pour out of his tenor with astonishing speed and variety. An additional fascination is his virtually infallible technique, which enables him to play those scales and arpeggios so fast that the individual notes seem to merge into what Zita Carno has called "sheets of sound". And his sense of time is unfailingly precise, so fine that what seems to be a stream of sixteenth notes at a fast tempo might actually contain notes tied in groups of five, or even seven or nine.

His deficiencies are melodic, rhythmic, and in use of instrumental tone. Arpeggios and scales alone do not constitute melody, and Coltrane rarely plays a line which can be called a melody except in the very broadest sense. His ability to make those minute temporal discriminations over the meter doesn't, somehow, provide him with the essential elements of swing: anticipations, retards, and the conjunction of notes of different time value. Purely rhythmic tension and release are almost absent. And his tone (hard, dry, usually without vibrato) is functionless in the sense that it does not vary with context to provide that added dimension to the phrase which is so important in the work of most of the best jazz players.

Coltrane is now under contract with Atlantic Records. His first Atlantic LP ("Giant Steps", Atlantic 1311) appeared about a year ago, and is in my opinion an excellent album and his best to date. It contains several lovely original compositions, and Tommy Flanagan provides the most intelligent and sympathetic accompaniment Coltrane has ever had on record. Atlantic has now released this

second LP, recorded shortly after the first with a rhythm section composed of Wynton Kelly, piano, Paul Chambers, bass, and Jimmy Cobb, drums, all either active or past members of the Miles Davis quintet, as was Coltrane himself until fairly recently. (One track has a different rhythm section.) Kelly is a dependable accompanist (considered by some to be one of the best) and sometimes a tasty soloist when he keeps clear of the Red Garland mannerisms which have been creeping into his work lately. However, he is not Tommy Flanagan, and I miss the difference. Most of the material on the first LP ranged in tempo from medium to very fast. There are more slow performances on the second; Coltrane seems to be making an effort to play warmer, more lyrical music than in the past (whether because he feels it or because he has been convinced that he *should* I can't say). I feel that his natural abilities are not of this sort; slow tempos as such don't elicit any new tenderness or warmth, but simply tempt him into a kind of nervous and aimless noodling. Of course, these are my high standards talking; I've learned to expect the exceptional from Coltrane, and don't judge him by the ordinary standards of competence. By those standards this is a very good album. It is also an easier introduction to his style for those who are unfamiliar with it than the first Atlantic album was. —M.E.

●
Metronome Presents Jazz at the Modern. Bethlehem BCP-6050, \$4.98.

▲FOR this happy and uncomplicated set: Shorty Baker, trumpet; Tyree Glenn, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Wein, piano; Bill Crow, bass; and Mickey Sheen, drums, were recorded in a program of dixieland and swing standards at a concert given on June 16, 1960, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. Ensemble passages are handled well (Russell's parts, often random noodling, are occasionally ingenious) in the style associated with Eddie Condon, but the main attraction is some fine solos by Russell, Glenn, and Baker. Baker is a player of wide experience, among other things a former long-time member of Duke Ellington's trumpet

section, and here, more or less, a follower of Red Allen. Tyree Glenn's recent career has centered around quasi-commercial club and studio work in New York; he is still an able mainstream trombonist. Sheen and Crow (better known for his work with a variety of modern groups) play well. —M.E.

•
Dizzy Gillespie: *A Portrait Of Duke Ellington*. Verve MG V-8386, \$4.98.

Dizzy Gillespie: *The Greatest Trumpet Of Them All*. Verve MG V-8352, \$4.98.

▲ASIDE from the more obvious commercial advantages of juxtaposing such illustrious jazz names as Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie, the "Portrait" album has much musical merit. The intrinsic idea of having Dizzy play Ellington's music is not, on the surface of it, particularly inspired. Ellington's music is so intimately related to his orchestra that outside versions often sound like feeble shadows of the originals. But there is such a wealth of pure musical gold, even in the bare, cold facts of the melodies and harmonies of Duke's tunes, that they offer a challenge even to a soloist of the aggressively individual stature of Gillespie.

The excellent, off-beat charts on this recording give conclusive evidence that an arranger need not imitate Ellington literally to maintain the spirit of his music. They are the product of a young West Coast arranger named Clare Fisher (although the liner notes regrettably give him no credit at all). The ensemble is unusual; a guess would be that it includes a woodwind quintet, trombone, possibly a saxophone or two and a rhythm section with vibes. The only real hang-up comes from the performers, who apparently include some non-jazz men among their numbers, making for a stilted rhythmic articulation. Fisher also shows a strong allegiance to the Stravinsky of *Le Sacre* in his woodwind voicings (some of the George Handy writing for Boyd Raeburn also comes to mind, especially in the backgrounds for *Caravan*).

Dizzy's playing is lovely, the best I've heard from him in a while. It's interesting to note the amount of compositional skill he brings to his solos (the manner, for example, in which he will vary and contrast his material, even within the confines of short, four-bar phrases); listen to his solo on *Things Ain't What They Used to Be* for a good example. All of this requires a superb sense of time, which Dizzy has been blessed with in abundance.

"The Greatest Trumpet Of Them All" may well be an accurate description, but not on this recording. Dizzy's mood is far more quiet and reflective here, but with a detachment from the proceedings

that tends to diminish one's interest. The octet instrumentation includes the standard trumpet, trombone, baritone, tenor and alto, and the charts (by Gigi Gryce and Benny Golson) are made up of the same old tired accumulation of blues licks. The tedium is further compounded by the inclusion of all original tunes, with no apparent effort made to compensate for their weaknesses by more interesting orchestration.

The disparity between these two recordings is obvious. Since Diz has become a figure of historical importance, the latter item will be of interest to collectors, but its listening value is negligible. The first recording, however, is recommended without reserve. —D.H.

•
Shelly Manne: *"The Three" & "The Two"*. Contemporary M-3584, \$4.98.

Shelly Manne & His Men at the Black Hawk, Volume 3. Contemporary M-3579, \$4.98.

▲THE first recording contains reissues of two 1954 sessions. "The Three" are Jimmy Giuffrè alternating on clarinet, tenor and baritone saxophones; Shorty Rogers, trumpet, and Manne on drums. "The Two" are Russ Freeman, piano, and Manne. "The Three" side represents one facet of the experimentation with form that was taking place on the west coast during that period. Perhaps because the work of these men was too consciously "experimental" the results, however intriguing, were rarely more than academic. Borrowing from extrinsic sources is not invalid not even, one might say, when it is done out of the limitations of one's talent—which is certainly not the problem with at least two of these musicians (and one of them, Giuffrè, has since gone on to prove his point). But their work here does not go beyond the mere suggesting of possibilities and fails to accomplish a successful implementation of them in jazz terms. Perhaps that much is enough. Rogers, concerning one of his pieces based on the twelve-tone scale, says: "It will take more curious people to work with its jazz possibilities." All right. But the point is that there's very little apparent emotional involvement, only an anti-septic virtuosity.

On side two Manne and Freeman demonstrate their accomplishment and skill with often fascinating intuitiveness and interplay.

The latter disc is one of a series of four albums recorded at the Black Hawk in San Francisco by a quintet consisting of Joe Gordon, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor saxophone; Victor Feldman, piano; Monty Budwig, bass; and Manne. "Blowing" pretty much characterizes, I think, the entire set. —R.L.

Unlikely Corners

WHY NOT LOOK below the surface occasionally and find out what it is in the direct appeal of the popular tune which makes the audience go home whistling; to see if there is not some artistic impulse hidden in unlikely corners. . .

—Ralph Vaughan Williams

POSSIBLY, this being summer, the season of light entertainment (light music, light reading, all that sort of thing), I should start off with a lighter-than-air disquisition on the cinema, purveyor of summer entertainment year-round.

With the third or fourth version in as many months of the score from **Gone With The Wind** (M-G-M E-3954) I must cry out in despair, "All right already!" The film is apparently timeless, but how often can one take "Tara's Theme"? The version now under discussion, conducted by Ornadel—with a new orchestration by Brian Fahey of the Max Steiner original—has a richness to recommend it and good recording (it seems to me there should be no excuse these days for a bad recording), and a good performance to boot. I suppose someone who must have a more modern recording than that taken from the soundtrack, or the old Max Steiner version now on the inexpensive Camden label, will want this one. The album itself is decorated with stills from the film.

More sophisticated and more contemporary is the Hugo Friedhofer score for the Brando **One-Eyed Jacks** (Liberty LOM-16001). Big in theme and expansive, this score is typical of the latter-day Hollywood approach, post-"High Noon", post-Alex North, and post-Elmer Bernstein. The music is well-wrought, craftsmanlike, not especially original (because it is functional and must fit certain visual patterns), and less 19th-century romantic than the scores of the thirties and forties when Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff provided plenty of work, not to mention ideas, for the scissors-and-paste boys. More recent scores tend to be more distinguished musically, a if the newer producers were permitting composers to use music intelligently for a change. It can be done, as was demonstrated by the rare excursions of Aaron Copland into the

deserts of Beverly Hills; and, too, the scores of many foreign films were the work of very distinguished composers.

This brings me to a curious release of the score from an excellent film **La Dolce Vita** (Victor FOC-1). The film is excellent, of course, but it is also quite shattering in its view of contemporary civilization with its pleasure-seeking people, lost and without direction, vulgar, without a moral sense and preoccupied with pointless excitement. This is important to know if you are to appreciate the record completely, I think. But, for all the skill of this score, it also points up the usual flaw of such enterprises: does it stand up on its own? Most don't, but I do believe that, for the most part, "La Dolce Vita" does. The composer, Nino Rota, not only contributed original material, but he also borrowed mood-creating music such as popular songs, including *Arrivederci Roma* and *Stormy Weather*—musical styles and orchestral effects with almost universal meaning.

This last troubled me a little. It has become the fashion for a composer who wishes to suggest decadence, vulgarity, or human vacuity to borrow from our own popular music to make his point. Not so much actual quotation from songs, but imitation of such styles as the blues, rock and roll, and even such Latin rhythms as are identified with us rather than the southern latitudes.

By now the "Theme from *La Dolce Vita*" is probably No. 1 on the Hit Parade. The major theme is a three-note syncopated downward progression, a wistful melancholy motif, easy to get and haunting once you've got it. Rota treats it to many variations throughout the score (and in the film itself is very effective), but he does manage to spread a mere three notes over a good deal of time. This is pretty generally true of all the recent "themes" from films. They are melodic-

ly basic, simple to an inane degree, and immediately compelling. For all its effectiveness, Rota's theme is an empty musical idea, but he could immediately argue that it was intended to reflect an empty society. Who can argue with that?

Angel has released a series of original-cast albums—that is, the original London, England, casts—of such American musicals as **Flower Drum Song** (§35886) and **Most Happy Fella** (§35887) and such perennials as **The Desert Song** (§35905) and **Song of Norway** (§35904). Just to what purpose these have been issued here escapes me, for all are available in original Broadway cast versions, not to mention the others. These sets are well recorded, generally excellently sung, but who needs 'em? A critic, I suppose, is required to review the record in hand and not the policy behind it. But I don't think anyone needs two versions of "Flower Drum Song".

Bob Merrill's score for his latest hit, **Carnival** (M-G-M E-39460C) is more than serviceable. I realize that this is damning it with faint praise, but that is about all I can muster. There are several attractive melodies, and perhaps even better lyrics, but the bulk of the charm lies in the book and the characters. I do like the opening with its Ravelian moodiness, and several of the songs, particularly *Yes, My Heart*, sung by star Anna Maria Alberghetti. There are some good comedy songs done by Kaye Ballard, and some at times pretentious songs by the gifted Jerry Orbach. His singing and that of Miss Alberghetti are excellent. In sum, the album is good to have and to hear.

Another is the winningly unpretentious **Young Abe Lincoln** (Golden Records LP-76), a musical for young people—and one certainly popular with the young and old around here. David, who is seven, is particularly captivated by a song entitled *I Wanna Be a Little Frog in a Little Pond*. (I find I rather like the ballad *Someone You Know*). The songs are by Joan Javits (lyrics) and Victor Ziskin (music) with special dialogue and lyrics by Arnold Sundgaard. The vocal direction by the talented Jay Harnick, and the spirit of the entire production, projects from the speaker into the living room. This may not be, nor was it intended to be, the great American opera on a Lincoln theme, but it is an excellent job. And the show itself is successful, which only proves that taste (there is no typical kiddie-record condescension) often tells.

While in the purlieus of Broadway I might mention **Oklahoma!** (Epic LN-3678), **Carousel** (Epic LN-3679), and **The King and I** (Epic LN-3680). All of course already are on records, in various

versions, and there seems to me to be no real need for others. In making this comment I would not want to imply that the work of the vocalists in these new records is not good; there is fine singing by Stuart Foster, Lois Hunt, Fay DeWitt, Leonard Stokes, Keith Booth, Harry Snow, Charmaine Harna, Kay Lande, and Samuel Jones, but their voices might have been better used on shows not already recorded. Possibly Epic feels these Rodgers and Hammerstein shows are standard catalogue items and that more recent recordings of them should have been made. Well they are, and they have, and that's all.

Gene McDaniels, whose work I admire, has another album, **Sometimes I'm Happy** (Liberty 3175). As in his first album, Mr. McDaniels proves to be a vocalist of great sensibility and flexibility as well as an excellent chooser of songs. He may sing *And The Angels Sing* too fast for my taste (but everyone seems to be singing it too fast for me these days; likewise *How High The Moon*, which is not in Mr. McDaniels' album). He also does *How Long Has This Been Going On?* *Sometimes I'm Happy*, *Autumn Leaves*, and others. I'm hoping that the singer doesn't become too mannered in his delivery, as he seems to be tending. He has too fine a voice to waste it on affectation.

I can endorse the collection **From The Gay 90's to the Roaring 20's** (Capitol § ST-1478); here are vocals, instrumentals, medleys devoted to the Can-Can of the Nineties, to World War I songs and to the twenties. There is throughout a delightful period flavor and a zest in the performances that make it all quite irresistible to me.

I might just say that I still find the singing of Dakota Staton too artificially mannered, but if you like her you will like her newest album, **Softly** (Capitol § T-1427); there is some very good accompaniment by Benny Carter.

My son has supplied me with a review of a record. I transcribe it exactly as he typed it:

By David Ira Jablonski

Walt Disney's **101 Dalmatians** (Disneyland ST-1908). This story is about 16 dalmatians who get dog-napped and rise to 101. Their master (Roger) is a songwriter. One of his songs ("Playful Melody") is included. There is also a movie, "101 Dalmatians". There are three other songs on this record; they are: "Kanine Krunchies Kommercial", "Cruella De Ville" (She's the villainess of the story). And "Dalmation Plantation". (It's my favorite.) My sister, Carla, and I both like this album. On the back cover there are pictures to color.

I can't follow that.

—E.J.

READERS' RECORD EXCHANGE & MART

At the discretion of The Editor, classified buy, sell, or swap notices of any length are accepted at ten cents a word. Please count each catalogue number, including label symbol and prefix, as a single unit. Remittance should accompany the insertion.

URGENTLY WANTED: Szymanowski's *Symphonic Concertante* (Rubinstein, Wallenstein, Los Angeles Philharmonic) on RCA Victor LM-1744. Will pay any reasonable price for copy in new or excellent condition. Please write to Box 201, ARG.

I WANT TO BUY a copy of *Records in Review—1957*, edited by Joan Griffiths. Please write to Box 200, ARG.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC records wanted as follows: Columbia MLs 2012 (Wieniawski), 2042 (Gould, Copland), 2140 (Schönberg), 2153 (Wagner), 2167 (Gould, Griffes), 4037 (Prokofiev), 4086 (Sibelius-Wagner), 4120 (Saint-Saëns), 4121 (Tchaikovsky), 4273 (Wagner), 4785 (Smetana); also RL-3049 (Rachmaninoff). Any fair price will be paid, but discs must be in like-new or at least very good condition. Please write to Box 197, ARG.

FOR "HARD TO GET" records—all speeds—try our Rare Records Department. **RECORD EXCHANGE**, 812 Seventh Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

WHO HAS a copy of Louis Moreau Gottschalk's book, *Notes of a Pianist*, to sell? Please write to Box 194, ARG.

ALL AVAILABLE English LPs from stock or 6-8 weeks order. Also large stocks carried of French and German LPs. Send for monthly listings of LP and 78 r.p.m. Collectors' Items. Ross Court & Co., 2098 Yonge Street, Toronto 7, Ontario, Canada.

DOES ANYONE have a copy of Oed. PLDX-1 (Sibelius: *Belshazzar's Feast*) to sell? Or perhaps a tape copy (done at 15 ins. by a "pro", please) of the old Victor set, M-715, or G.DB-3937/8? Please write to Box 195, ARG.

27 YEARS of phonographic history are chronicled in *The American Record Guide*. Many of the earliest issues are still available. All back copies are 50c each. Shipped prepaid. Send remittance with order to Circulation Dept., P. O. Box 319, Radio City Station, New York 19, N. Y.

RECORDS IN CHAOS? Let us show you how our **RECORD INDEX** simply and handsomely solves the problems of arranging and indexing your records. Brochure indicates solutions to ten aesthetic and practical problems of the collector. Sample **RECORD INDEX CARDS** included. About 5c to 8c per record. **RECORD CARDS (A-17)**, Room 503, 1525 East 53rd Street, Chicago 15, Illinois.

FIND THE Record Review You Want Fast! New Index of Record Reviews indexes ALL records reviewed during 1960 in three major magazines—including *The American Record Guide*. 75c postpaid. Polart Index, 20115 Goulburn Road, Detroit 5, Michigan.

WHO WILL SELL me a copy of either RCA Victor LM-4 or LM-9016 (Bruch: *Scottish Fantasy*, Heifetz)? Please write to Box 199, ARG, stating price wanted.

JAZZ CATALOG: Complete listing all available jazz LPs; cross-references of significant tunes and sidemen. 35c per issue or \$1 for 4 issues annually. Jazz Record Catalog, Dept. A, 274 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

A FINE CATALOGUE of classical L. P. records (British), including deletions; also extensive vocal 78 lists available, air mailed 50c. All discs in perfect condition, inexpensive. The Gramophone Shop, 901, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, W. I., Great Britain.

WANTED in mint condition: Tauber *Widmung*, Parlophone RO-20288 or Decca 20349; Panzéra *Soupir*, Victor 1892 or HMV DA-4880; and Ginster *Auflösung*, Victor 1737 or HMV DA-1422. Please write directly to Jack Lund, 22 Darrell Place, San Francisco 11, California.

CLASSICAL 78 r.p.m. and cut-out LP records for the serious beginner or intermediate collector. Reasonable prices. Free introductory lists. Collections bought. The Gramophone Shop, Box 7451, Station "C", Atlanta 9, Georgia.

AMPEX, CONCERTONE, Crown, Magnecord, Norelco, Presto, Bogen, Tandberg, Sherwood, Rek-O-Kut, Scott, Shure, Dynakit, others. Trades. Boynton Studio, Dept. AR, 10 Pennsylvania Avenue, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS—Excellent modern German instruments by Sperrhake. Beautiful cabinetry, moderate prices. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda 14, Maryland.

COMPREHENSIVE MONTHLY LISTS of 78s, including hundreds of unusual out-of-print and rare vocals, mailed on request. Collections bought. The Record Album, 208 West 80th Street, New York 24, N. Y.

PROMPT DELIVERY. WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD. AMPLIFIERS, TAPE RECORDERS, TUNERS, ETC. No catalogs. AIR MAIL QUOTES. COMPARE. L. M. BROWN SALES CORP., Dept. G, 239 East 24th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

78 R. P. M. RECORDINGS, 1902-50. Many types. Prices reasonable. Free Lists. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, P. O. B. 155B, Verona, New Jersey.

BOOKS ON MUSIC—New, used, out-of-print. Free catalog. **BEL CANTO BOOKSHOP** Dept. F, Box 1237, Union, N. J.

Instruction in the Art of Playing the Harpsichord

IGOR KIPNIS

45 Grove Street, New York City 14
Telephone CHelsea 2-3596

TEACHER OF PIANO

Beginners and Advanced Pupils

HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

309 West 99th Street, New York City 23

Academy 2-2479

Monthly Record Sale

Rare 78 r.p.m. Vocals and Instrumentals

List Mailed on Request

DARTON RECORD LIBRARY

169 W. 56 ST.

NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

*a magnificent trio
creates a
collector's
item!*



*Heifetz, Primrose, Piatigorsky in three remarkable
stereo premières! Also, as recorded here, a "first" for
these Bach "Sinfonias," derived from the "Three-Part
Inventions." Original texts were used, with the three parts
given to violin, viola, cello. Result: Rare trio masterpieces.
In Living Stereo and Monaural Hi-Fi. Also on 4-Track
"Living Stereo" Reel Tape.*

*The three other Beethoven "String Trios," Opus 9,
Nos. 1 and 3, and Opus 3, and the Serenade, Opus 8,
have also been recorded by this illustrious ensemble.*

The World's Greatest Artists Are On



ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT THE COMPACT 33, THE NEWEST IDEA IN RECORDS.

**THIS IS THE
GREATEST
'CONTINENTAL'
OF THEM
ALL...**



(MODEL EL 3536)
SPECIFICATIONS

◆ Four-track stereophonic or monophonic recording and playback ◆ Three tape speeds — 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ips ◆ Completely self-contained, including dual recording and playback preamplifiers, dual power amplifiers, two Norelco wide-range loudspeakers (second in lid) and stereo dynamic microphone (dual elements) ◆ Can also be used as a quality stereo hi-fi system with tuner or record player.

the *Norelco*®

CONTINENTAL "400" a new 4-track stereo-record/ stereo-playback tape recorder guild-crafted for you by Philips of the Netherlands

For additional descriptive literature write
North American Philips Co., Inc.
High Fidelity Products Division
230 Duffy Avenue
Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.



A Norelco
dual element
stereo-
dynamic
microphone
is standard
equipment
with the
**CONTINENTAL
'400'**

o[®]
AL

y
nds
ure writ

